

JOHN BULL



Weak from want of nourishment

—yet she has no appetite!

As you get on in years you need, more than ever, the necessary nourishment to keep up your strength. "But meals are no longer appetising," you say. Elderly people often experience that difficulty. But you can't go on day after day, feeling weaker every minute. It's not safe, because you lay yourself open to the attacks of germs and disease. And it's not necessary. For over half a century doctors have recommended Wincarnis as an infallible remedy for under-nourished systems. This delicious tonic wine stimulates and sustains as nothing else can. If you are run down, if you have been ill, had a fall or an accident, start taking Wincarnis—a glass two or three times a day, and you'll be astonished how quickly you begin to feel better. You'll sleep soundly—feel fresh vigour stealing through your veins. A week or two of Wincarnis and you'll decide that life's worth living after all.

● Wincarnis is simply a pure, delicious wine reinforced with the energising vitamins, the nerve-building and tonic properties of malt and beef extracts. Wincarnis has been proved by recommendations from doctors to be a most effective remedy for all run down conditions and nervous complaints. 3/3 and 5/6 from wine merchants, licensed grocers and chemists. Get a bottle to-day. You'll feel the benefit with your very first glass.

FREE. 4½d. in stamps (for postage, etc.) will bring you a generous sample from the makers, Coleman & Company, Ltd., Dept. 235, Wincarnis Works, Norwich.



"Appetite Completely Vanished"

"I have a very dear friend who has suffered a long time and had an operation, and following that could eat nothing, appetite completely vanished. Then along came the

wonderful reviver 'Wincarnis' and performed the miracle. She started to pick up and take food once more, and now whatever else is needed, 'Wincarnis' heads the list. I find it most essential myself as a general pick-me-up or tonic."

Mrs. J. W. S.—,
Huddersfield.

Thought Her Time Had Come

"I was very ill two years ago, the Doctor prescribed different medicines, and I also tried many things from the Chemist, all to no use. I got so weak I could not walk. I really thought my time had come. Things got so serious that my children came, those that lived a distance. Then one of my daughters reminded me of WINCARNIS. The very first bottle made a marvellous change. By the time I had taken the second one I was quite myself again. I shall never be without it in case of emergency."

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 We could fill this whole page with letters of appreciation received from customers who we introduced to the Wonderful Comforters. One of a strong elastic body-band fitted with soft unparelleled rubber pads, velvet covered, they are without doubt the most wonderful appliance on the market to-day. Send your P.O. at once enclosing the round body and whether left, right or double rubber.
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 Whatever your need, Thorns have the building you want! Made entirely with treated timber, too, and treble strengthened with "Strangem" steel braced corners. The extra quality and finish cost no more and you can bolt together the sections yourself. All Fully Guaranteed, for Cash or on Confidential Terms. Send today for **FREE Catalogue No. 46.**
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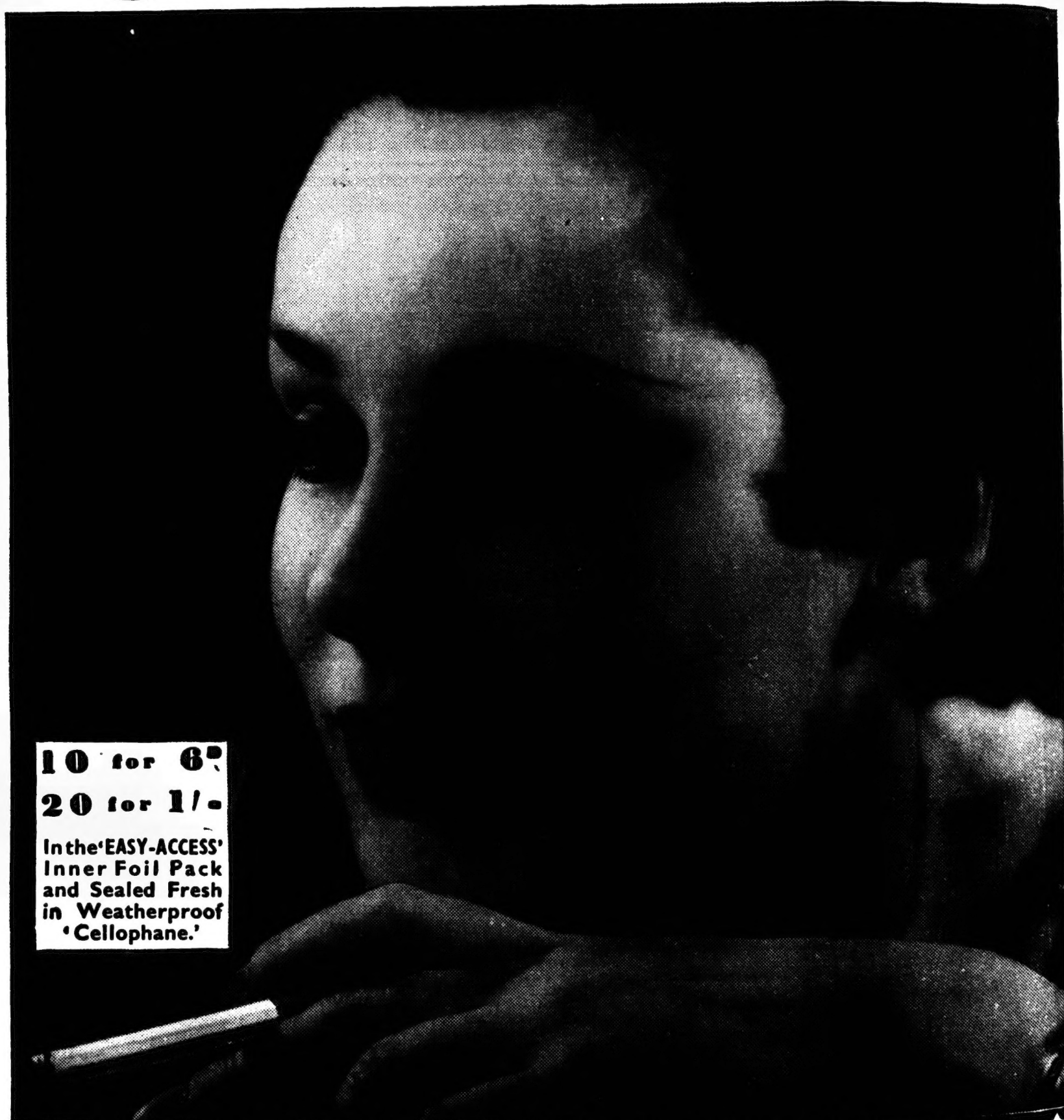
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JOHN BULL

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Without Fear or Favour

PROFITEERS on the JOB AGAIN

PROFITEERS are once more making a time of national emergency the opportunity for grabbing fortunes. They are making huge sums as a result of the decision of the British Cabinet to pursue a policy of rearmament in the air.

It is not our purpose here to argue the rights and wrongs of that decision; that is the job of the politicians. But we do desire to direct a searchlight of enquiry on to the orgy of profiteering which this new trend in Government policy has brought about.

This decision was accompanied by a solemn declaration by Mr. Baldwin.

"The whole Government," he said, "is determined that, in efforts we regard as necessary for the nation during the next couple of years, there shall be no profiteering in a time which I might call almost a time of emergency."

Those grave words were uttered after scrupulous persons

the City had already initiated their campaign to work up a boom in aircraft shares. And their campaign has succeeded as completely as Mr. Baldwin's declaration has failed.

Members of Parliament who had only to follow the reports of dealings on the Stock Exchange to see exactly how the ramp was being ingeniously worked up protested in the House of Commons.

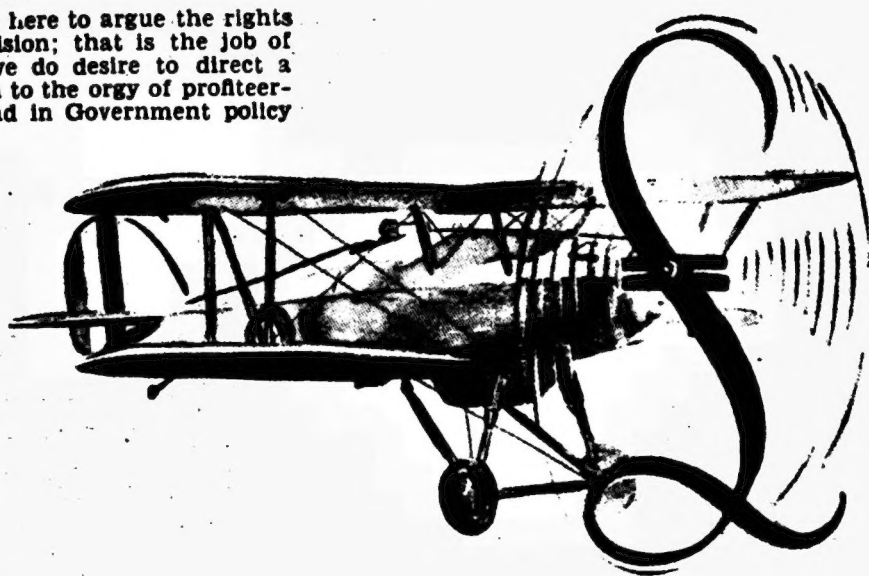
And their protest brought forth another extraordinary revelation.

AIR PHILIP CUNLIFFE-LISTER, the Air Minister, was asked to detail the instructions issued to the committee appointed by Parliament to watch aircraft prices and give warning of any attempts at profiteering.

He told Parliament that the committee had received no formal instructions, and none were contemplated!

It has been clear from that time onward that the committee is void of any real authority: useless, a waste of public time and money. It is just as though its three members—Sir Ardman Lever, Mr. P. Ashley Cooper and Mr. G. Judd—had been given an enormously important job to do and then told not to do it.

All this, of course, is greatly pleased the speculators. They have been able to manipulate the situation in aircraft share dealings into a position comparable to that of the boom condi-



tions of 1928 and 1929. Several comparatively small groups have made profits of hundreds of thousands of pounds.

And the Government-appointed committee has had to sit back and watch them.

The shares of one group of eleven aircraft concerns have risen this year to a total value of £20,000,000, compared with their nominal capital value of £6,000,000, and a recent market valuation of £13,000,000.

In seven new aircraft share flotations more than £6,000,000 has been raised from the investing public. And nearly half of that sum has gone directly into the pockets of promoters, vendors and brokers!

Less than one-twelfth of the money raised has actually been devoted to financing the building of new factories or extending old ones or to

Great Aircraft Scandal

plant improvements. Money that should have gone to perfecting organisation, to bringing down prices, has been neatly pocketed by City speculators. And dearer aircraft prices will be the inevitable result.

These spectacular pieces of profit-taking have not been confined to the floating of new companies. Old-established firms which have gone on year after year returning a reasonable profit have fallen for the operators' game and allowed themselves to be recapitalised.

New money has been poured into them; and the cream has been skimmed off in flotation expenses, vendors' claims, and brokers' fees.

The actual sums finally available for new plant is infinitesimal in comparison with the huge amounts taken out in profits.

Someone obviously must pay for all this. Who is it?

First, the investing public, which is called upon to subscribe unnecessarily large sums for shares whose market values are falsely inflated.

Next, the nation as a whole—which means the taxpayer. The air development programme of the Government now takes an increasing part of the nation's budgetary expenditure.

IF the funds which have been poured into aircraft share flotations had been genuinely used for development of manufacturing technique which many investors imagined they were helping to make possible, then aircraft prices could have been considerably reduced.

As it is, the profits of the operators in the City must be paid out of the earnings of the companies concerned. Prices must be higher than they need be in order to satisfy the greed of small groups of powerful City men.

The Government's committee of watchdogs has proved futile. Unscrupulous money-grabbers are laughing at it.

Profiteering, from what the Prime Minister himself has described as an effort of national emergency, must stop now.



A very satisfactory flight indeed — for them

Slum Landlords of the Admiralty

Clearing Junk Cars off Road

Job for our Coroners

FOLLY surely could not go farther than it has done in the most remarkable slum clearance conflict that has ever had the attention of JOHN BULL.

When Parliament meets the matter will be dealt with, but the facts should be known in the meantime to every taxpayer.

The place concerned is only a Border village named Scremerston, near Berwick-on-Tweed, but the events happening there are of national importance.

Action

There is a row of fifty cottages in Scremerston, and in all Britain no dwellings more disreputable in condition could be found.

They have been condemned by the county medical officer and the sanitary authorities as unfit for human habitation.

So bad were the reports regarding the houses that the Ministry of Health sent an inspector specially to view them. He was aghast.

Flooded floors

The cottages, which are the homes of miners' families, have defective walls and roofs that allow rain to flood the tiny, ill-ventilated and dark rooms.

The floors are of brick and stone, there are no conveniences or drainage, and the places can only be called hovels.

Distinguished ownership

Who owns these fifty vile properties? The houses belong to the Admiralty, which leases them for profit to a colliery company.

But that is far from representing the full seriousness of the matter.

As part of a scheme to provide the miners with modern homes, the local authority, when the hovels had been condemned, proceeded to seek the necessary sanction of the Ministry of Health for demolition.

The Ministry, influenced by its own inspector's fierce report, is, of course, only too willing to give the permission to help on the Government's slum clearance programme.

"My Lords" are angry

Now the bombshell. The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty have risen in wrath and, as the owners of the bad houses, have told the Ministry of Health that they will accept dictation neither from the Ministry nor a local authority.

The Lords Commissioners say they are immune from the slum clearance laws and the rulings of the Ministry of Health.

So the miners of Scremerston have to remain in their foul homes.

Scrap these slums

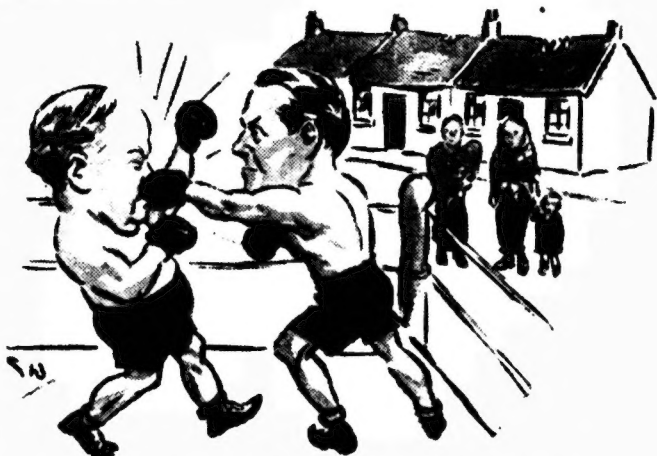
This is manifestly a position which is so absurd and contrary to public interest that it cannot be allowed to continue.

It is to the Minister of Health and not the Admiralty, this time, that we look for the Nelson touch.

Save the mothers

One of the first questions that will be fired at the Minister of Health when the House of Commons meets next month is of tremendous importance to parents who can't buy their babies at £50 or so each.

"In order to save the lives of mothers, will you extend the period of training



It's a pity the Health Minister couldn't have given his opponent "the Nelson touch"

for midwives and fix a minimum wage for them not lower than that of school-teachers?" Mr. Edward Williams, M.P. for Ogmores, is to ask.

Well, Sir Kingsley Wood is already "enquiring" as to remuneration. We hope it won't end at enquiry.

When we do spend

After all, there is no begrudging money to certain safety services—and the care of mothers surely deserves to be counted as a safety service.

Although we are not going to move Woolwich Arsenal—we can tell you that already, although Parliament won't be informed until next month—we are going to spend a lot on improving it, beginning with an expenditure of £100,000.

Certain departments are to be moved elsewhere. And that is not all.

Gunpowder

The Air Ministry is scouting round for all sorts of new aerodrome and bombing practice sites, and, so far as the latter are concerned, will probably choose valuable fishing grounds from which they can chase the fish away.

Work has been begun on a big gunpowder factory at Irvine, in Ayrshire—in addition to £30,000 worth of extensions to the existing gunpowder factory at Waltham Cross.

And the Admiralty is busy, too.

They won't stop bombs

It has just placed a big contract for the clearing of a site at Milford Haven, in South Wales, for a huge storage depot for torpedoes and submarine mines. There is to be a new base for the naval air arm, too.

Then Rosyth, in Scotland, is to have a new ammunition storage depot.

All of which might make you feel very, very safe, if your mind didn't turn unaccountably to the danger of bombing from the air.

To one gas-mask: £4

Well, we have no good news for you in that connection.

In fact, the experts who have been working out the approximate cost of a gas-mask capable of protecting you against every possible type of gas have reached their conclusions. It won't be a penny cheaper than £4.

The suggested three shilling mask that people are supposed to buy for themselves—and which is all nine people out of ten will be able to "sport"—will only protect against two or three gases.

Obvious

Now enemies are no fools as a rule. Isn't it obvious that they would employ just those gases against which the masses had no protection at all?

Wasting your three shillings wouldn't

be your only worry—if you lived to have any worries.

Who pays?

Well, it should be apparent to the Government by now that the country is faced with three alternatives so far as the national anti-gas measures are concerned.

They can let people look after themselves, which is apparently what they intend to do. In that case the rich alone will be able to have adequate protection.

They can leave it to the local authorities, who will wring their hands and say they can't afford it. Or they can provide the necessary protection themselves, which is surely what they ought to do if the need is as great as they suggest.

Election talk

All this may sound very alarmist, but we make no apology. We are not raising the alarm.

Blame the Government.

There is a lot of official scaremongering. How far it is justified, and how far it is being worked up for electioneering purposes, we shall discover in due time.

Torch of learning

In lighter vein is the revelation by one of the Ministry of Transport's chief driving-test officials, Mr. John Rolt, that many people learning to drive a car think one particular road sign is an ice-cream cornet, a cauliflower, a school-bell upside down or a shaving-brush.

"It doesn't really matter," says Mr. Rolt, "as long as you know that a shaving-brush means a school."

But what about those who don't? Foreign visitors, for instance, might regard this torch—it is a torch of learning, really—as an invitation to burn up the miles.

Barter

Meanwhile, we are glad the authorities are getting more active in driving off the roads cars that should have been on the junk heap years ago.

It may seem hard that a Blackburn farm labourer should have to pay a fine of £5 in respect of a car for which he paid two nanny goats and a gramophone, but not just after one has been reading the road accident statistics.

Sinister employers

It may become necessary for the Government to banish not only bad vehicles but bad lorry-owners as well.

True, they are parties to an agreement

The Fragrant Minute.

HOPE'S VITAMINS

SPINACH has lots of vitamins, and cabbage too, I'm told. And lettuces and fresh french beans and all the greenstuff sold. Yes, all are rich in vitamins—oh! milk has such a store, and in a pat of butter are vitamins galore. At least, I presuppose there are, I've never been quite clear just what they are, and when they are, and where they will appear!

Of this, though, I am certain—in Hope are vitamins more valuable than any in fresh fruit or in tins. Hope's brimming over with them; preventative are they against diseases of the mind when Good Luck's gone astray. More wholesome far than spinach, a dish of Hope my friend—so keep on hoping bravely and you'll turn that awkward bend.

Wilhelmina Stitch.

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Wilhelmina Stitch will always be very pleased to hear from JOHN BULL readers. Address letters to her c/o The Editor. JOHN BULL.

as to the wages and conditions of employment of their drivers, but many of them are failing to honour it.

The Transport Union knows whole districts where the men are denied their rights. If they complain, they are sacked. If they speak of wages they are put on a casual basis.

Couldn't afford warmth

Now an underpaid or overworked driver of a mammoth six- or eight-wheeled vehicle cannot be as safe on the roads as a man who gets all the food and rest the body needs.

Think of the Bristol lorry driver who received only 30s. a week to keep a family of five. He couldn't even afford warmth. He stole a shilling's worth of coal to dry his clothes.

We don't wonder the bench bound him over and referred to the wages paid by his employer as "scandalous."

Brakeless bicycles

To pass to the lightest of all road vehicles, did you know that there is no law compelling a cyclist to fit brakes, or even keep them efficient, although every reasonable-minded cyclist attends to these things?

"I cannot see my way to regulate the brakes of cyclists," is what the Ministry of Transport has written to a coroner.

And so the man who has proper brakes and keeps them in proper order is always likely to be killed or injured by the fool who hasn't.

Air safety first

We invite official attention to the allegation of the trade unions concerned that unskilled labour is replacing skilled in the aircraft industry.

If we have got to spend millions more on aeroplanes, let them be as safe as they can possibly be made.

Public enemy No. 1

The shortest letter in our heavy post-bag this week just says: "For heaven's sake, John, do something."

Attached is the story of an Inverness potato merchant who preferred to give away his smallest potatoes instead of burning them, as the law requires.

Naturally, authority soon stopped that wickedness, and there's nothing we nor anybody else can do about it.

Two selfish men

We thought it was just about the high-water mark of human selfishness when we heard how Lawrence Tait, of Knotty Ash, Liverpool, stole a red danger lamp from street excavations as an emergency rear-lamp for his motor-cycle.

Then came the news of James McCracken, of Workington, firing explosives in the Derwent, probably killing and maiming hundreds of fish, in order to get two or three.

The former was fined £1. The latter got two months' hard. And we say neither was over-punished.

Hurting the bereaved

An objectionable practice that is growing fast is that of certain insurance and compensation companies that are insisting on post-mortem examinations even when the doctor is satisfied as to the cause of death beyond all doubt.

Not only does it involve a useless waste of ratepayers' money, but relatives are subject to unnecessary worry and pain.

Mr. R. J. Rhys, coroner for Aberdare, Glamorgan, intends to examine all these post-mortem demands himself and do some weeding out. Other coroners might well copy.

A silky trickster

Ware Miss Wells, giving an address in Forest Gate, if she calls with her offer of 3s. 11d. silk stockings for 2s. 6d., and says she is propaganda agent for a well-known manufacturer.

The firm in question disowns her, and we know of all sorts of people who have paid their half-crowns but are still waiting for the stockings.



Dirty Scraps of Paper

KEEP on my desk a box filled with curious squares of paper that are covered with figures which the average person wouldn't be able to understand.

The chances are that few people would try, seeing that almost every square is so dog's-eared and well thumbed with black fingerprints as to appear nothing more than waste paper.

Now I could intrigue you by keeping you guessing as to what those papers really are—but there's no need in a plain, honest, straightforward story such as I have to tell.

They are miners' pay-bills. Apart from the crime they bear, the dirt of honest work, they are exactly as received by workers in the various coalfields of the country to explain the scanty weekly wage they receive for risking their lives underground.

They never leave my desk because they are the best ammunition we of the Miners' Federation have in waging our continual fight for a better deal for the miner.

Now the Editor of JOHN BULL has invited me to state the case for the miner in the new wages crisis that is now looming up on the national horizon.

THE reason may be obvious to you. We are asking for something more than the miserly pittance these workers in the danger and darkness of the mine are at present receiving, which for some men is only a few poppers higher than they could draw upstairs in the sunshine—on the "dole."

It may come to a fight if the owners and the government refuse to take notice of the miners' claim. We hope not. If it does, it will not be our fault.

In the meantime, how better can I meet this request to state the case for the miner in such powerful organ as JOHN BULL than by dipping into that box of grimy pay-tickets?

Now here is the first case out of the box. For a really bad one as it happens. The man works in Yorkshire. He has been lucky enough to have a full week's work underground, in which he hewed 18 tons 3 cwt. of coal.

He has drawn £2 4s. 10d., before he pays his rent. He is not one of the many miners who have to pay the collieries for the houses they occupy, on which I will make no comment apart from saying that you might be paying that amount for a ton of coal.

But now let me dip again. Five tickets pinned together, in this case all relating to one surface worker.

In the first, second, third and fourth weeks he was only able to work three days of each week, for which, after the necessary deductions for rent, insurance and so on had been made, he received 12s. 3d., 11s. 3d., 7s. 11d., and 10s. 11d. respectively.

In the fifth week he worked only two days, and only had 7s. 8d. to draw.

A juvenile, perhaps? Well, let's see. No, he is a married man with four children. And that is more, here is a note to say that he has another 4s. a week of enforced deductions to face even out of that 7s. 8d.

Try as I might to avoid comment on that case, there is one observation I must make—that the shilling a week of that deduction is in repayment to the Poor Law for past help.

What must his position have been when he needed assistance, if he can afford to make payment now! Another dip concerns a man

But they Call for Justice for the Miner



who drew 30s. a week for five days' work, but who, after paying all deductions, certainly including rent in his case, had only 9s. left to feed, clothe and maintain his wife, himself and their two children.

I could get better cases out of that box. I could get worse. But I am content to present those few random examples as fairly typical of the industry as a whole.

By now we have dealt only with the slips of paper that represent the wages paid in the biggest and most vital of all national industries. What of the men behind them?

You are aware that the miner becomes a national hero when some sudden catastrophe robs him of hundreds of his fellows, but do you know of the daily risks that are inseparable from his work?

In the years from 1927 to 1934 alone no fewer than 7,839 miners were killed and 1,200,042 injured in accidents which, for the most part, you never heard a word about.

Think of it—nearly one in five working underground injured each year. Our mining

by EBBY EDWARDS

(Secretary of the Miners' Federation)

casualties in five years, with the maimed men struggling along two yards between each, would make a procession a thousand miles long.

Is it too much to ask that men who incur these tremendous and terrible risks should at least be paid wages that will enable them to live without the shadow of the Poor Law for ever on their doorsteps?

Now, I quite well know what you are going to say to that. You believe the underground worker is worthy of his hire. All decent people do. But you want to see strikes avoided. You ask what is wrong with negotiation. . . .

Now it is on that point in particular that the masses misunderstand the miner.

He doesn't want to strike. He knows that the whole nation suffers. He is perfectly well aware that the country was hundreds of millions of pounds worse off as a result of the great lock-out by the owners in 1926, and there is no differ-

ence between strikes and lock-outs when the nation comes to face the bill.

He knows that one stoppage resulted in the coal industries of several foreign countries being put on their feet, to the detriment of himself and his fellows and kindred British industries as well.

He wants to meet the owners, to-day to-morrow, any time as long as a stoppage can be averted. And that's exactly what he can't do.

The mine-owners won't meet us. There you have the chief cause of the present trouble—so tremendous in its possibilities for the nation, the miner, the shareholder, and other British industries, too—in a nutshell.

Now let me make clear to you that the miner has this passion for negotiation, and that it is the other side that has not.

In 1930 a Board was set up by Act of Parliament. It couldn't fix wages, it is true. But it could make recommendations. It was useful national machinery for the industry—or promised to be.

Before it was created a representative of the mine-owners told the then Prime Minister that—Act of Parliament or no Act of Parliament—they would have nothing to do with it.

They have kept their word. The new Minister of Mines, Captain H. F. C. Crookshank, has invited them to confer with the miners. We have consented, willingly, enthusiastically. They have refused.

We are ready to consider settling things in discussion with the owners, or jointly with the owners and the Government. They will not as much as acknowledge our existence.

We are even ready to meet them to make new national machinery of a kind acceptable to both sides, as a preliminary to discussing wages. They treat that request with silence, too.

Their attitude is that the conglomeration of different districts can fix wages for themselves, and that way, we know, lies not an extra ha'penny for the miner.

If a request is made by the miners in some particular district for a rise, they are told it is impossible because of the competition from another district. If we try to get rises in all districts, again we come up against that stony silence.

What, then, is our position?

We can't even get heard, and, believe me, we have got a case.

OUR underground workers actually receive less than the workers in other industries—the so-called sweated industries included.

In three of the most infamous of sweated industries—no need to mention them—Parliament has given protection ensuring a minimum of 1s. an hour for one, 1s. 1d. for another, 1s. 1½d. for another. And these workers, for the most part, are women.

Pit workers are men. And for them the subsistence wage is only 6s. 9½d. a day in Northumberland, 6s. 6½d. in Durham and 6s. 3d. in Somerset. Shirt-makers are now assured more, but there is no Tom Hood to write the miners' "Song of the Shirt."

True, the average for the industry as a whole is 44s. 6d. per head per week for the mining industry, but remember those pay-tickets I have quoted to you and don't be deceived. This figure includes the earnings of officials and higher-paid men, and even then is arrived at before the deductions were made for tools and explosives and other necessities of the miner's work.

I haven't in the course of this article drawn you any harrowing picture of a miner's life.

Our position is quite clear. The miners want reasonable wages, but they don't think it is for the mine-owners alone to say what is reasonable. They are crying out for simple justice, and the owners are pretending they cannot hear them.

Very well, then, they make their appeal to the nation. They appeal to the nation to help them to avert a stoppage of any kind, although determined to get justice. They appeal to the nation, knowing that at the very least its sense of fair play will rule that they shall be heard.

SPIES ON



with which these sleuths were content until—Australia being a comparatively small country in point of population—they found they had to discover new tricks if they were to earn the fat livings to which they had grown accustomed in England until JOHN BULL kicked them out.

It is with these new methods, together with the old ones, that they have returned to England.

We have said that they used to be content to devote their attentions to shops. Let us now follow one of these so-called detectives into the private office of a Hinckley hosiery manufacturer and hear what transpires.

He begins by offering to "plant" workers in the various departments of the factory—women so efficient at their jobs that nobody will guess they are not ordinary operatives.

"In the first place, although it is a small point, you will be pleased to know which of your people are Socialists and agitators," he says.

The employer says he knows one or two real extremists among them who are rather nice and do their work quite well. Does that damp his ardour? Well, listen.

"At least you must be aware that there are thefts from every factory," the so-called sleuth goes on. "There is only one way to find out who is dishonest, and you owe it to the honest members of your staff." And there and then he propounds a scheme under which people working a particular silk or yarn will meet people wanting to buy small quantities of such material in their leisure hours.

"I have quite an able time-keeper," replies the employer. "He examines parcels, and we have no thefts."

The sleuth has other weapons in his armoury of attack. Supposing, for instance, there are workpeople who might be tempted to sell business secrets? ("I have no business secrets," replies the employer.) Supposing they are skimping their work. ("They are not," comes the reply.)

Well, at any rate, there are everyday subterfuges, such as getting friends to work the timing-in clocks. ("They don't do it here.")

Not until this persuasive gentleman is told by the employer that he has every trust both in his workpeople and their supervisors, and is piloted to the door still talking, does this torrent of suspicion come to an end.

Political "tests"

It will be seen from the above instance that these so-called detectives no longer confine themselves to what they are pleased to call honesty tests, as they did when JOHN BULL last reviewed their attentions. They are willing to quote for anger tests, patience tests, obedience tests and apparently political tests as well.

They accept commissions to pose as bedraggled pedestrians who crave lifts from lorry drivers—probably on a wet day. If the driver is foolish enough to accept a hard-pressed half-crown for the lift, and particularly if he is silly enough to talk of the women who have sat in his cabin, or how he can squeeze an extra hour's sleep out of his time on the road, or how his employers are slave-drivers who ought to be reported to the Traffic Commissioners, there is soon a new pair of hands at his wheel.

They ask to be "obliged" at restaurants and hotels. "Obliging" such gentry has lost many a man his job.

One hotel manager was approached by a poor, half-starved-looking boy holding three pence and a large basin, who said his mother wondered whether they could have some dripping from the kitchen. The manager's story that he gave the boy a penny back for himself and put twopence in the hospital box did not go down. He had failed to account for dripping worth sixpence, and so he must go.

Public-house licensees are asked to "oblige" with drinks a minute after time. In one case one of them—he did not fall for the trick—was told how he could substitute an inferior lime-juice that tasted as good as the one he stocked.

Rudeness

Reputable brewers owning chains of public-houses employ inspectors to see that customers are served with the quality and quantity demanded—but would not tolerate such methods as these. Even the smaller brewers who sometimes commission such agents cannot be aware of the tricks sometimes used to entice managers into wrongdoing.

As for the patience and anger tests—there are cashiers and enquiry office clerks who hold their jobs on the infinite tact and self-possession they can show in face of difficulties. These people are prepared to test them to breaking-point with absurd questions, stupidity, petulance and outright rudeness—and then make a full report of their replies and demeanour.

How un-English this form of attack can be on workers with whom employers were quite content until these sleuths came on the scene can be illustrated by this story of what has happened in a Midland town.

The directors of a firm there were persuaded into allowing a general

FIVE years ago we were able—through the instrumentality of a disclosure by Major-General Sir Wyndham Childs—to upset an *agent provocateur* system that had reared its ugly head in British business circles.

A queer new type of detective had made his appearance with the claim that he could pick out the dishonest from the honest assistants employed in our shops—at a fee, and by methods of his own.

In every case the trick was to leave in the hands of a saleswoman or salesman hard cash not accounted for by a receipt, to see if it were stolen. Unfortunately, quite a number of decent employers fell for the bait, and many hundreds of honest workers lost their jobs in consequence.

The complete exposure by Sir Wyndham Childs of every phase of this cowardly and despicable system had an excellent effect. We have the authority of the National Amalgamated Union of Shop Assistants for saying that the principal practitioners were frightened off by our exposure, and that the union has heard very little of the trick since—until recently.

But now these gentry have staged a come-back with such a variety of new tricks, and have carried their *agent provocateur* methods into a so much wider field of British industry, that anything we said in condemnation of them at that time deserves to be said, now, with still more force.

The long and short of the matter is that either they believe JOHN BULL is sleeping or that we will not wish to return to the attack. This exposure will show that neither of those suppositions is true.

Decoy shoppers

To begin with, let us show that we are aware of every activity on their part since they packed up and decamped on hearing of our exposure.

They transferred their attentions to Australia, where the acuteness of the Slump led shopkeepers, in the interests of their employees as well as themselves, to watch every penny.

There, as in England, they concentrated on shops—for a time.

They sent decoy shoppers into stores. In some cases these decoys paid cash for articles and then airily refused to accept a receipt. In others, they bought an article at, say, 15s. and accepted a receipt for the amount, changed their minds

and asked for a dearer article and treated the question of a receipt for the extra amount as a sheer waste of time.

Yet again three or four decoys would descend on an assistant just as the cash-desk was closing for the night. Each would clamour for his or her particular needs. All would pay cash.

In every case—and scores of different tricks were employed to secure this end—the object was to work into the hands of an assistant hard cash that he or she might not account for with the usual written acknowledgment.

"Confession"

If the assistant paid in the money he was usually reported by these unscrupulous agents for his irregular methods in not giving a receipt. If he didn't he was compelled to write out a written "confession" of his crime—whether it resulted from muddle-headedness or criminal intent—and was pushed on to the streets under such a cloud that he could not hope for another position of trust.

These, then, were the methods

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Make Yourself!

WHEN a man has lived for more than half a century he knows something about life—or should do, if he has kept his eyes and his mind open. Sacha Guitry, the famous French playwright and actor, is fifty-two, and this is what he has to say about things:—

"I believe in the happiness of mankind, and I believe that most of the trouble they get into is of their own making. If they are unhappy it's their own fault! Troubles of people's own making, snobbery, hypocrisy, pretentiousness, fear of what people will think, and so forth, are at the root of their unhappiness."

Let's look at this in quite another way. The one great asset the human animal possesses is the limitless power of adapting itself to life. It can learn from experience very quickly. It can foresee that conditions will change, and it can make its preparations accordingly. It can change its environment if it doesn't like it. It can create for itself the kind of world in which it wants to live. No other animal can do all these things.

And the whole of Nature is on our side in any of this that we may care to do, for we have had at least a million years of experience of this adapting ourselves to life! In other words, if Nature hadn't meant us to go on learning how to live, how to conquer life, how to get what we want out of life, she would have wiped out mankind long ago like she has wiped out any number of creatures who, for one reason or another, failed to come up to specification!

The point is that if we can't all of us profit by the accumulated experience of a million years, and adapt ourselves to life so as to get the best out of it, we deserve to suffer.

Monsieur Sacha Guitry is right when he says that the trouble we get into is of our own making, for, since we can make what we want, if we choose to make trouble who is to blame?

What's wrong with most of us is that we allow things to happen. We should deliberately "happen" them!



SHOP WORKERS

Amazing Revelations



The fake detective persuades the manager to engage shop "detectives" to weed the staff of slackers, and then, employing unfair means, the "detective," in the guise of a decoy shopper, harasses an assistant until her nerves are in a distressed state—and then follows the fatal vicious report to the manager

that the honesty tests consist of putting temptation in people's way. No court of law would listen to such evidence as these decoys might bring.

However, there is never any need for the evidence to go beyond the manager's office. The law of contract, per-

mitting the termination of employment, does the rest.

We have given several instances of how saleswomen are tempted. They are never genuine tests of honesty. A girl might well get confused at finding three lots of money left by customers who have left without receipts, and mistakenly hand in a wrong amount. Fear at breaking a rule of the establishment may tempt her to hold money back.

Whatever the real reason, she would have to have a very forceful personality to avoid signing a full confession of "guilt" when faced with these sleuths in the next rôle—that of grand inquisitors.

That there is no limit to how far the worst of these people will go is shown by the case of a man left in charge of an estate office.

One of his duties was to tell prospective purchasers of new houses, should they enquire, the extra cost of oak floors, panelled walls, and other departures from standard.

Job lost

One day he was approached by a man who asked him whether he would help to get quotations from firms other than his own. The caller actually used such sentimental inducements as "You look like a young married man yourself. You know how every penny counts."

Anyhow, he did consent to get a quotation from a second firm, and, although refusing to accept any commission, foolishly accepted half-a-crown for the expense to which he had been put in his own lunch-time.

And so he lost his job—a fact the more regrettable because, without knowing it, he had survived an honesty test disguised as a request from a house purchaser to be allowed to buy a few tiles to keep in reserve in case of a tempest!

We appeal to employers who might be approached by such gentry as we have described to turn them out neck and crop, as many employers have already done, and as many more who were foolish enough to accept their services now wish they had.

It should be enough that the methods are totally un-English. But if the employers concerned were to get into touch with the Shop Assistants' Union and other organisations that have had experience of such practices they would learn in addition that these so-called tests are not sound tests at all.

We are proud to have driven the practitioners of these despicable tricks underground when they first began operations. With the same help from employers as we had then we can defeat them again, although their operations are on a far bigger and more varied scale.

was not too willing to submit a really good range for approval.

"Tested with a show of annoyance, she displayed anger in return. It was clear that with the average customer no sale would have been the result.

She was ill

"She insisted three times on giving a receipt and the amount was handed to cash desk. There was no effort to find out if I had other needs, however, and no move to direct me to any other department.

"Her business dress was no credit to the establishment, and altogether her manner and appearance were not those of a good saleswoman."

In some of the reports brought to our notice there are references to

red noses, "blousiness," untidiness of the hair, dirty fingers.

In one report there were frequent references to the sluggish movements of a girl.

It was well known to that girl's colleagues, although not to the firm, that that assistant was putting off until her holidays an operation for hæmorrhoids!

Well may one wonder what a temporarily red nose or even a permanent mole has to do with a shopper, whether decoy or genuine. But the more important point is that an employee who has probably given ten or twelve years of satisfaction to an employer has to be summed up on the strength of a two-minute scrutiny at an unguarded moment, when she may be feeling ill or in need of a holiday.

Most important of all is the fact

st to be made of their saleswomen and others. It may be remarked that no fewer than twenty-four failed the honesty test and were dismissed. A typical report on one of the staff paraphrased for obvious reasons—

"Went to the corset department and was met by a thin girl of a surly and not too pleasing appearance. She is readily distinguishable by yellow skin and mole on left cheek. Although she was not serving, her attention could not be gained for a full minute. It was then noticed at her approach was neither courteous nor business-like.

"Told there was need for hurry, she said: 'I can only do my best,' with some curtness. She only submitted one article in the first three minutes, although a desire was shown to see others, and altogether

HANNEN SWAFFER'S OPEN LETTER TO DAME CLARA BUTT

DEAR DAME CLARA.—You do not need to be told, now that you are stricken, a sufferer from severe spinal trouble, that you have my wishes for your recovery and well-being. We know each other and we have so much in sympathy that, so far as I am concerned, I need not assure you of the kindly thoughts I am sending out to you while I dictate these words.

What I would like you to realise is that I, as a member of the great public, as one who goes out and mixes with all classes, and members of all political parties and creeds, know you are surrounded, in your hours of trial, by the good wishes of millions of people all over the British Empire.

You have sung your way round the world, yes, and you have sung your way into the hearts of countless people.

Seeing you, they have admired your commanding presence and your majestic dignity. Hearing you, they have marvelled at your contralto voice, organ-like, magnificent. For there was never a contralto like you. Gramophone records of your voice are proud possessions in many, many homes.

We look back, when we think of you, on a most romantic career—your humble start, in Bristol, as one of the four sisters Hook, members of a quartette who toured England singing quartettes specially written for them by Liza Lehmann. You, in those days, sang the bass part.

* * *

Then, when your great chance came and you won a scholarship at the Royal College of Music, you had the courage to do what few singers would have done in those days. You did not choose an Italian-sounding name, Bristol, or something like that. Even Nellie Mitchell changed Melbourne, from which she came, to "Melba." You called yourself something bluntly English.

Well, much has happened since then. Your romantic marriage to a fine singer found for you a talented, handsome helpmeet, who, ever since, has been your partner, on the concert platform and off. I could tell many stories of your singing. I remember particularly how, at Tree's



Come Back and SING to Us Again

at school. He seemed destined to become a great cricketer. He showed every promise. And then there came the terrible accident of which he was the victim.

You still sang. And now, they say sometimes, you will never sing again. Even when they were first saying that, you, because of an injury to your back and the painful illness that followed, heard the tragic news, while you were lying in hospital, that your other son had passed away in Africa.

Well, you should remember, now, that things are not always as black as they seem.

I can look back on a most dramatic meeting, of which I will remind you, because it will give you heart. I went, late one night, into a club and sat in the gallery. Below me, people were dancing, and a modern orchestra was playing. Seated at one of the tables I saw Constance Collier!

"Why, I thought you were dead," I said.

"So did I," she replied. "But I am not."

Only a few months before that, Constance, suffering from diabetes, was very, very ill in Switzerland. You, one of her nearest friends, went from England, so that you could sing at her deathbed.

That is what you and she feared it would prove to be.

You sang, and she listened. And then, full of fears that that was the last you would see of Constance, you came back to England. Everyone gave her up, yes, including you.

Well, Constance did not give herself up. She heard there was a cure in Switzerland. She dragged herself to a train. She bore, on a long railway journey, much suffering. She arrived at the other end of, a long road of sorrow at what she thought was death's door.

She endured the pains of the earliest methods of insulin treatment. She was nearly blind. She was in great pain. Yet she was cured. And it was in a night club that I met her, on the day of her return to health—and London!

* * *

Now you, my dear Clara, have had a long fight against illness. For months, during your last tour, you fulfilled your contracts, in spite of what must have seemed like a broken back. You went on the platform. Sometimes they wheeled you on. But you always sang. You had to sit down to sing. But still you sang.

They operated on you in Mentone. They operated on you in Sydney. It was on a stretcher that they carried you to the liner which was to bring you home. Then, in England, you went into Guy's Hospital for long treatment, cheered by the sound of your own voice, reproduced on the gramophone.

A stay in your Gothic house not far from Bristol, a return to Guy's Hospital, a journey to Germany for further treatment—all these followed one another. And now, having flown in an aeroplane for the first time, on your way from Basle back to your Gloucester home, you are among the kindly villagers whom you love best.

Remember Constance Collier's case! What happened to her will, we trust, happen to you. She is now a star in Hollywood. Her deathbed in Switzerland seems a long way off.

Keep up your heart! Get well and come back and sing to us again. Turn on one of your own records—and hear yourself sing "Oh, Dry Those Tears."

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Sir JOHN SIMON,
Home Secretary

DEAR HOME SECRETARY.—Tiring of China, the notorious ex-M.P. whom we know as Trebitsch Lincoln plans to retire abroad and "await the end of civilisation."

It won't be in England, he says, unless the Government lifts the ban against him.

I hope you tell him at once that it won't. The end of our civilisation will be much longer deferred if he is kept as far from our shores as possible.

JOHN BULL.

EDUCATION COMMITTEE,
Manchester

SIRS.—We pride ourselves in this country that a clever boy or girl can win by means of scholarships almost any educational advantage that can be bought with money.

But if, as alleged by Mrs. Alice Titt, a former Lady Mayoress of Manchester, certain schoolmasters at one local school accept special tutorship fees to give paying pupils instruction that is denied the poorer scholars, you have no right to call your scholarships scholarships at all.

JOHN BULL.

LUKE GANNON,
Showman, Blackpool Front

FOOL.—If there is a bump reader among the booths at Blackpool, I suggest you allow him to examine your addled pate.

He might explain the queer trait that prompted you to cable the Empress of Abyssinia—on hearing she had undertaken a religious fast in which she would pray to God for peace—inviting her to starve herself in public at Black-

pool, under your auspices, to avert world war.

Seems to me he would find something lacking in your bump of decency.

JOHN BULL.

NEWCASTLE MEMBERS, BRITISH LEGION: Just an hour in which to save a hero of the Boer and other wars from a pauper's grave, and you did it. A nation's thanks.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. H. R. L. ALLOTT,
M.O.H. of Hoyland (West Riding)

DEAR DOCTOR.—In reply to the medical men who have tried to gloss over the high rate of maternal mortality by saying that scare disclosures are frightening women to death, you state flatly that the real cause is ignorance and want of interest on the part of those concerned.

Mothers should not be afraid of maternity, you state, if the people concerned with it were efficient.

Let them call that "scare talk" if they want to. It's the kind that produces results.

JOHN BULL.

Lord SNELL,
Chairman, London County Council

DEAR LORD SNELL.—Somebody is bound to sneer at the new innovation of weighing and measuring London's 400,000 schoolchildren periodically at a cost of £4,000 a year to ensure a healthier race.

They'll say such things were unknown when they were young. And so was the health record of the children of this wiser generation.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. B. SANDBACH, K.C.,
Marylebone Stipendiary

DEAR SIR.—I admire you for the indignation you showed when a widow was

charged with stealing from Mr. Frank Berger, of Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park, who paid her 15s. a week, with accommodation, light and heat, but no food, for collecting rents and other duties.

That man did not deserve the honest service he had got, you said. You thought Mr. Berger had had the money he alleged was stolen, although if he hadn't you would not have been surprised, seeing that he paid a heartless and sweating wage.

There was applause in court when you discharged that widow. There are some feelings, you know, that can't be suppressed.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. W. R. MATTHEWS,
Dean of St. Paul's

DEAR DR. MATTHEWS.—In one respect I am glad you made that somewhat sweeping statement to the effect that England is only 20 per cent. Christian.

It brought from Canon Cosgrave, Rural Dean of Darlington, the comment I would have liked to make—that, despite a set-back in institutional religion, there is a distinct rise in applied Christianity.

JOHN BULL.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR KINGSLEY.—A fairy godfather appeared in the Kent and Sussex hopfields last year. Your predecessor sent him. He was one of those much-maligned officials, but, my word, he got things done.

He so much improved conditions of work and camp accommodation by appointing area supervisors that this year's hop-pickers are watching the

horizon anxiously and hopefully for his arrival.

They are beginning to fear he won't come. But I know you won't let them down.

JOHN BULL.

HOUSING DEPARTMENT,
Salford Corporation

SIRS.—For the very first time, I find myself rejoicing at the news that a magistrate has ordered the ejection of a family of ten.

That only because he sees no other way of stirring you into finding them something better than the one-bedroom, condemned house in which they have had to live despite numerous applications to you.

But I hope they don't have to be ejected. Spare them, at least, that misery.

JOHN BULL.

MERTHYR CORPORATION: Glad you have stopped your employees doing outside jobs, especially as you have 12,000 unemployed. The pity is such compulsion should be necessary.—JOHN BULL.

The Rev. FATHER HAYS,
Nottingham

DEAR FATHER.—Be temperate in words if you expect other people to be temperate in deeds.

I give you that advice because, flying in the face of irrefutable statistics showing Britain to be more sober, you refer to the alarming growth of drinking among our younger generations.

How the few London night clubs still left wish it were so. Because it is not, they are having to struggle very hard for their tawdry existence.

JOHN BULL.

GENEVA MUST STRIKE!



Mussolini signing the Four-Power Pact, which was to ensure the peace of Europe for "at least ten years." Within a few months he has shattered it all, and if the League does not act as it is empowered every peace pact will become just mere scraps of paper

THESE are momentous hours for Europe and for civilisation. The Council of the League of Nations assembled yesterday at Geneva to face the challenge to its existence thrown down by Mussolini.

If it takes up that challenge boldly, it does not follow that war will be averted. It is true that if it can be averted at all it can only be by the resolute action of the League. But Mussolini has declared repeatedly that Italy will go forward to the conquest of Abyssinia "with the League, without the League, or against the League."

This may be true or it may be only his bombast. But let us clearly understand that the surrender of the League to Mussolini's challenge will not stop the war. It will remove the last impediment to the war. It will be the death-warrant of the League and of the cause of collective peace. It will leave Mussolini not merely the Dictator of Italy, but the Dictator of Europe.

Is this thing to happen? Is Europe to cover like a whipped cur before this new Napoleon? Is it to be flung back into the chaos of competitive armaments from which the Covenant of the League was designed to deliver it?

The answer rests with this country and, foremost, Mussolini knows that, as Napoleon knew it before him, it is for that reason that he and his spoon-fed newspapers have attacked England with such childish ferocity. He knows that we are the last great bulwark of the League and of European peace, and that if he can browbeat us into surrender the game is in his hands.

THE British Cabinet has declared that it takes its stand on the Covenant of the League. Mr. Eden and the British delegation are at Geneva to give effect to that decision. What action does it imply? Not unilateral action by this country. We are not a nation going to war against Italy. It implies the defence of the League system, the assertion of its collective authority to preserve the peace, the full exercise of the sanctions which Covenant gives it to deal with an offender.

The offence in this case is open and flagrant. Mussolini makes no pretence to the contrary. He is ostentatiously and contemptuously defiant of the

by A. G. GARDINER

League. He has trumped up a quarrel with a fellow-member of the League and is making it the occasion of a war of aggression and conquest. He is outraging every relevant treaty to which Italy has put its signature—the treaty with France and Britain 1906, the Covenant of the League, the Kellogg Pact.

He has refused arbitration on anything but the trivial Wal Wal incident, and has waved aside all the machinery of the League designed to secure justice and prevent war.

Now, driven to the last ditch, the Council at Geneva has to make its fateful decision. That decision is whether in the event of war the League shall apply its "sanctions," economic and naval blockade, against the aggressor Power.

Those sanctions cannot be applied until war has formally begun; but the decision to apply them, if made at all,

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

WHERE are the hats of yesteryear? Yes, where are the hats we knew. Silk and shiny and tall and black, Not intended for Tom or Jack. But right for the favoured few?

Where, oh, where are those toppers now? The Boys of the Old Brigade Cling to them, but their day's no more; Modern mashers their charms ignore, And in moth-balls they are laid.

Sorry indeed is the woeful fate Of what was a classy hat, When it's mostly used in the cause of fake By dud magicians, who from it take White rabbits and things like that!

Apart, however, from seedy conjurers, who regard it as a suitable receptacle for live stock and yards of ribbon, and low comedians, who consider it a useful aid to mirth if bashed with an umbrella, the topper still has its adherents.

For one thing, it may prove useful to anyone who aspires to push a pen in the service of Lord Runciman, the ship-owner, for his lordship has publicly de-

clared: "If two men come into my office and one wears a top hat and one a bowler, the one in the silk hat always gets first chance."

"I recall the day," says Lord Runciman, "when in my London office the staff went democratic and started to wear bowlers. I offered to pay for them if they would only wear silk hats."

How many (if any) takers there were his lordship does not state. But perhaps it was not an instinct for democracy, but a tinge of snobbery that caused his clerks to prefer bowlers. Quite possibly they were afraid of being mistaken for bank messengers, undertakers or company promoters.

But even those of us who would rather have a hard-boiled egg than a top hat may enthusiastically endorse Lord Runciman's plea to the Mayoress of Blyth that she should urge the Mayor to wear one, for a mayor without a bell-topper would seem undressed—and nudism among mayors is the last thing one should wish to encourage.

Regarded as a symbol of office, the top hat, like the Admiral's cocked hat or the peaked cap of the monkeys' housekeeper at the zoo, is all right; but this does not

mean that it's a bit of all right for the ordinary hat-wearing, strap-hanging citizen. As a matter of fact, even the topper is not nowadays addicted to the topper, except in the imaginations of comic artists; so Lord Runciman's plea: "Give us back our top hats" is likely to fall on heedless ears. All the same, there is one potent argument which the noble lord appears to have overlooked:—

All cits. above "a certain rank" In silk hats once were wont to swank; The clerk arriving at a bank Without one came a cropper! The legal gents, who made our wills, And those who (sometimes) cured our ills, And languid Johnnies, courting Jills, All wore a shiny topper.

Even bearded cricketers this hat Would wear when they went out to bat, Determined to make runs, at that! So, possibly, objectors To toppers might bear this in mind: To losing Tests we've grown resigned Now that high-hatting is comined To M.C.C. Selectors!

Good-Bye to all That

must be made now. The defiant rejection by Mussolini of the Franco-British proposals at Paris, which it will be Mr. Eden's duty to report to the Council, leaves no alternative.

Action now will save the League and possibly avert the war. Hesitation and delay now will end the League, precipitate the war and leave Europe with its last anchor to peace parted. War will be in the ascendant and the hopes of peace dead.

Mussolini's adventure will not end in Abyssinia any more than Napoleon's ended in Egypt. The flame once lit will spread everywhere. Whether Mussolini is triumphant or defeated will not matter. For the collapse of the League will shatter the European system. There will be a general stampede to arms, a *saute qui peut*—each for himself and the devil take the hindmost."

The issue in the balance at Geneva is simple. If the League is to be saved, it must strike. It must invoke its sanctions against the criminal Power. It must outlaw Italy and use the economic powers of its members to limit and restrain the aggressor.

This is not an act of war. It is an instrument of peace. It is possible that Mussolini may choose to regard it as an act of war. Indeed, he has, in his truculent way, indicated that he would so regard it. But the risk has to be taken, and it is a negligible risk compared with the incalculable consequences of the surrender of the League.

IN view of the Cabinet decision to stand by the League covenant, it may be assumed that Mr. Eden's instructions at Geneva will be to insist on the application of the sanctions immediately war has begun. It does not follow that he will carry the Council with him. In that case the League will have accepted defeat.

The question depends chiefly on the attitude of France. And the prospects in that direction are disquieting. France is much more concerned about Austria than she is about Abyssinia, and she is naturally anxious not to upset the agreement she has come to with Italy as her partner in defence of Austrian independence.

That agreement has enabled her to

Good-Bye to all That

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Whatever the pleasure
PLAYER'S
 complete it



In a leafy byway . . . the trees
 are a cluster of green . . . just the
 place for a picnic . . . I'm glad
 we stopped here . . . have a
 Player? . . . refreshingly cool,
 don't you think? . . . Thanks,
 yes—they always are.

WHEN PACKING FOR YOUR PICNIC-REMEMBER

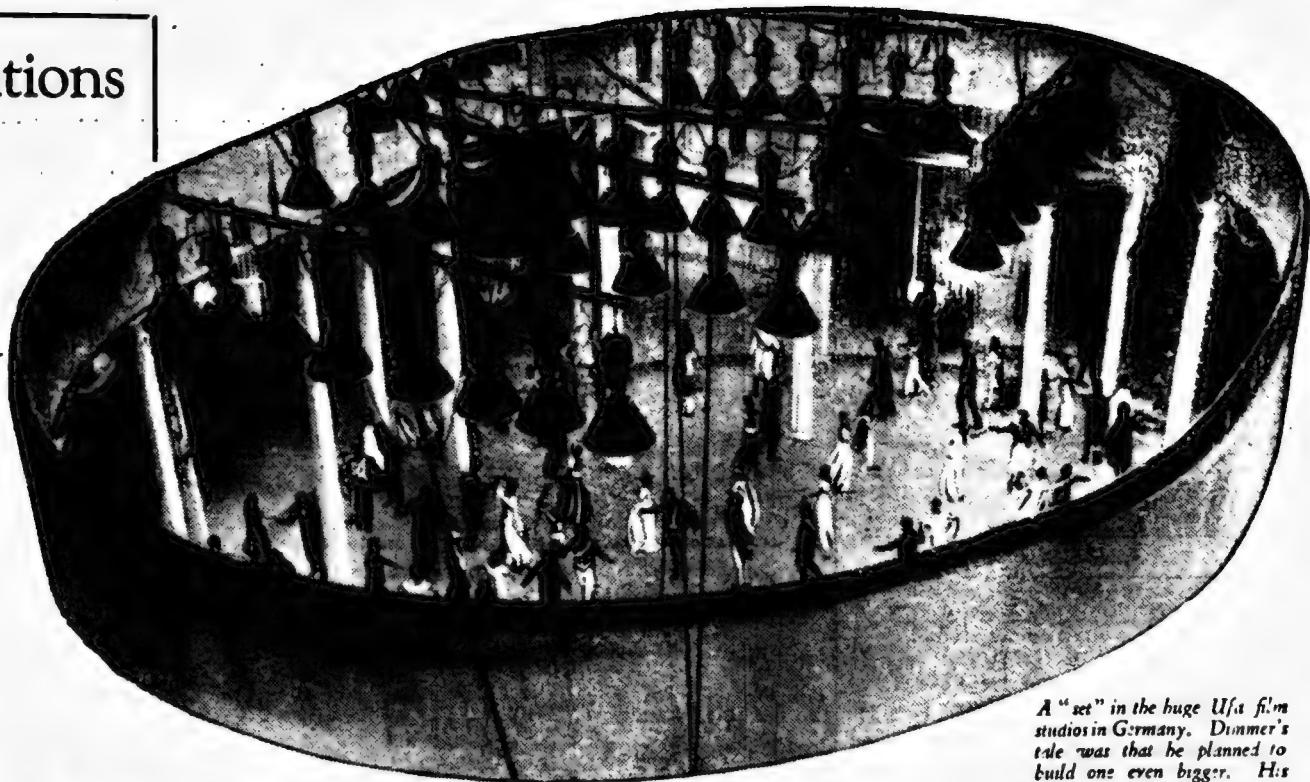
Player's Please

PLAIN OR
 CORK-TIPPED
 10 FOR 6^p

20 11 2^p

N.C.C. 299 C.

Weekly Informations from SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS



A "set" in the huge Ufa film studios in Germany. Dimmer's idea was that he planned to build one even bigger. His dupes are still waiting

Women Dupes of a KINEMA KING

I PROPOSE to devote my exposure this week to the operations of a master criminal who for years has been living persistently by his wits in a variety of impudent guises.

In the course of his career he has used several names and has been active as a kinema company promoter, actor, film director, cabaret proprietor and charity appeal organiser. A distinguished-looking man, he is a great conversationalist and can tell falsehoods with fluent facility.

Quite recently he was staying at a hotel in the Tottenham Court Road district of London, and registered there upon arrival in the name of "A. Dimmer." He told the owner that he was a director of several important kinema companies and that he was about to build the biggest film studio in this country.

After staying at this hotel for some weeks, during which time it was difficult to obtain settlement of his account, he disappeared, leaving behind some articles of clothing and a variety of documents which bore out to some extent his story about his connection with the film world.

The reason for Dimmer's sudden disappearance was soon apparent to the hotel proprietor, who discovered that numerous cheques for varying amounts had been distributed by him, not only during his sojourn at the hotel, but for a considerable time prior to his arrival there.

A number of victims have since called at the hotel to make enquiries about the missing film magnate.

Many of his dupes, I am sorry to say, are women who have believed his plausible tales.

One in particular is the owner of an apartment house in South-West London. Dimmer stayed there for a considerable time, and when callers for him became numerous vanished, leaving the poor woman with a considerable sum owing to her.

Fluent lies

Another is a lady who carried out secretarial work for Dimmer at a further West End Hotel, from which he has also omitted owing various sums of money.

I am particularly interested in this fact, for Dimmer is a hardened adventurer about whom I have received many complaints myself, and whose past

schemes have previously engaged my attention. I sincerely hope that official enquiries which are now taking place will end with a successful sequel.

A typical instance of his roguery can be given in the case of an elderly man who resides in suburban London. Dimmer got in touch with him through a circular in which he appealed for funds for his alleged kinema undertakings. At certain interviews which followed he represented—or rather misrepresented—that he owned several theatres and kinemas in London and the suburbs.

Falsehoods fell fluently from Dimmer's lips during his discussions with this man.

During the past year or two Dimmer has been associated, amongst other concerns, with the following companies.

British Voice Films, Limited;
Aurotone, Limited;
Forster and Denny, Limited;
Britivox, Limited.

All of them, I can say, are trumpery

undertakings formed by Dimmer himself, which have had no real standing in the film world at all. Most, however, have been used by Dimmer as the medium through which to extract money from unsuspecting people.

Well, the man whose case I have mentioned believed Dimmer's tales, and, on the written guarantee that he would make excellent profits from the various kinemas and theatres which Dimmer and his companies were stated to control, handed over nearly £1,000 for investment.

That was nearly nine months ago, and, though the date is long overdue when the promised dividends should have been paid, he has not received a penny from Dimmer.

Enquiries which this particular investor made, too belatedly to be of any real service to him, have brought one shock after another. In the first place, he found that most of Dimmer's rosy stories had no substance in fact, and that, far from being a film magnate, his name in the film world was as bad as it possibly could be.

Further, he discovered that Dimmer is an undischarged bankrupt who has passed through the bankruptcy courts on several occasions, with liabilities which amount in the aggregate to thousands of pounds.

Large amounts

It says much for Dimmer's amazing plausibility that he so gulled this poor man that he did not think it necessary to question Dimmer's sincerity until it was too late and the bird had flown.

I am sorry to say that other victims have been enticed into Dimmer's net for various amounts in this kinema "chain of companies" scheme, while debts have been piled up on all sides.

He acted in a most despicable fashion

towards one elderly lady. Believing that the Britivox Company, Limited, which has changed its offices several times, was a sound enterprise, she handed over every penny she possessed to Dimmer several months ago.

In his customary and easy-going manner Dimmer gave her a written agreement which has proved to be completely valueless, as also have certain "assets" which he said belonged to a so-called "important" company which actually is no longer in existence.

At the moment he is playing one of his oldest tricks—keeping in hiding. But he will crop up again any time if he thinks it is safe for him to do so.

Posed as doctors

He has already been to prison in the past for frauds of various kinds, and was once concerned in a huge charity swindle in which the names of several famous hospitals were grossly misused.

His associates then included several jailbirds who on one occasion actually dressed themselves up as doctors and made verbal appeals from the platforms and stages of kinemas and theatres for their own ends.

His own mother, who is an old lady now, has helped him out of trouble time and again.

It does not surprise me to see from the dossier before me that he left unpaid a number of actors whom he engaged a few months ago to appear on the stage of a large kinema he was then running.

Although, as I have said, Dimmer—who has been known in the past as Captain Dimmer, Robert Vincent Dimmer and Augustus Dimmer—has already been several times convicted, he has been very lucky in this respect, for his sentences have been short.

He was once a practising barrister, but was debarred some years ago, and during his appearances in the dock he has pleaded his "cases" with great eloquence.

I hope when police hands are laid upon him again, as they certainly should be for his various kinema frauds, he will be dealt with as he deserves.

And I strongly urge all his latest victims to get in touch at once with Scotland Yard.

THE CAREFUL MAN

EVERYBODY knows the careful man. Nothing will ever happen to him because he's made sure of that.

Steal his car? He'll demonstrate a trick with the ignition that makes that impossible. Burglars? He'll show you the concealed electrical contact under the third stair. His house burn down? Equally impossible.

He doesn't know that such things are happening every day to the most careful of people.

A disaster of that kind overtook a Norfolk home recently. The best-thought-out precaution in the world couldn't have circumvented it.

The dinner was cooking all too slowly. There was a handful of brambles at hand to revive the fire a bit.

A burning bramble fell on a sleeping

cat, which, rushing through a window, set the curtains alight, which in turn ignited the thatch. And in a moment a peaceful Norfolk thatched cottage had been turned into an inferno.

The loss of a complete house of furniture was a tremendous blow to the little family.

But we were able to recompense them for that loss, due to the fact that the householder had qualified for the protection of JOHN BULL's unique free insurance scheme by signing the form which you can find on page 38.

Have you signed? You may have taken every other precaution in the world to safeguard your home against a variety of disasters and yet find they are all useless if you neglect to take this one simple step that costs you nothing.

CAPTIVE MOTHER'S ORDEAL

MRS. HUTCHINSON, the wife of a railway worker, of 101, Rock Street, Sheffield, has been in a lunatic asylum since last November. There is abundant reason for the assertion that the authorities made a terrible mistake when they made her a prisoner, and her immediate release must be demanded.

No person has ever been detained as insane in more extraordinary circumstances.

Throughout her whole life Mrs. Hutchinson, who is forty-six years of age, had been completely healthy. She has never at any time shown any symptoms of mental or nervous disorder, and there is no record of insanity in any branch of her family.

Ten months ago, however, she became seriously ill from septic poisoning contracted by dirt from overalls which she had been washing entering a slight cut in her arm.

For three weeks the woman was perilously near to death in the City General Hospital, Sheffield, but she passed the crisis and was soon so far on the way to recovery that she was allowed to leave bed and walk about the ward every afternoon.

Her spirits also rose, and when her friends and family visited her she joked with them and seemed happy in the belief that it would not be long before she was allowed to return to her home. She read newspapers and books every hour of the day and daily wrote most cheerful letters to her husband and children.

A shock

When Mr. Hutchinson and his daughters paid their usual Sunday visit to the hospital during the mending period, he was told that, before he entered the ward to see his wife, he must have an interview with an official of the hospital. He went joyously to the room to which he was shown, believing that it was to be told to make arrangements for the removal of his wife to their home, so favourable had been the reports of her progress.

The husband reeled when he was greeted with the remark, "I'm sorry to have to tell you that your wife attempted to commit suicide last night."

In response to his agitated request for more information, he was told that Mrs. Hutchinson had been seated before the fire in the ward when she suddenly sprang up, seized a vessel containing poison from a tray on a trolley and drank part of the contents.

A worse shock was then administered. He was shown out of the room with the remark that his wife would henceforth be treated as a mental patient and

would be transferred forthwith to a ward for the insane.

When Mr. Hutchinson went in to see his wife he realised that a great error was somehow being made. She was reading, and became animated and cheerful as soon as she saw her husband and children.

She laughed, obviously believing it to be a joke on his part, when he referred to the supposed attempt at suicide.

All that had happened, she said, was that, having fallen asleep by the ward fire, she had wakened up with a thirst, and, feeling drowsy and lazy after her nap, took what she believed to be a bowl of water from a trolley standing near her chair, instead of bothering to summon the nurse or to go outside for water from the tap.

The thought of the colourless liquid being poison had never entered her mind.

It was, in fact, a weak solution of distilled water and disinfectant.

As soon as she became aware of the nasty taste and a slight burning sensation in her throat, Mrs. Hutchinson said, she had spat out the liquid that remained in her mouth, and the doctor



Mrs. Hutchinson, victim of a preposterous blunder that has robbed her of her liberty and branded her wrongfully as insane

who was called had ordered both an emetic and the application of the stomach pump as a very natural precaution.

While Mr. Hutchinson and his daughters were with his wife that day she was not only out of bed and walking about, but was allowed to eat fruit, cake, jam tarts and chocolate which they had brought to her—a strange privilege indeed to be given to a woman who was supposed to have been dangerously poisoned by her own hand less than twenty-four hours previously.

Two days later the husband obtained an interview with an official of the hospital and asked permission to take his wife home.

Mr. Hutchinson is a working man, not versed in the law and its processes.

He should not have asked for, but demanded the discharge of his wife there and then from the hospital. He could not have been refused.

As it was, he was told that if he took his wife home, the hospital authorities would take steps to have her placed in the dock at the police court on a charge of attempted suicide.

If her husband had had the knowledge to challenge this, Mrs. Hutchinson

would certainly have been acquitted of the preposterous charge and would not be interned in a lunatic asylum to-day.

But Mr. Hutchinson, as any other husband in his sphere of life would have been, was terrified by the threat, and, believing that his wife might really be sent to prison, he allowed her to remain in the hospital.

She was not there long. A few days later he received a letter from her stating that she had been certified as insane and had been transferred to an asylum. She has now been a lunacy captive for nine months.

Every month since she was taken from him and his family Mr. Hutchinson has had sent to him a stereotyped letter stating that because there is "no change" in her condition his wife cannot be released. Of course there is no change. She is and always has been sane. The authorities have refused a request by the husband to allow him to have her examined by independent doctors.

Brief freedom

Recently, Mrs. Hutchinson was allowed home for three days—from Saturday to Monday. Her husband was required to sign a receipt for her, and he was told that she was such a dangerous lunatic that he would be glad to "hand her back" before they reached the end of the avenue of the asylum grounds.

Why this foolish and frightening suggestion was made to him is incomprehensible.

Mrs. Hutchinson resumed her domestic duties where she had left off. She did all her own shopping in the busy city on the day of her release, tended her family as she had been accustomed to do throughout her married life, and, next day, cooked a meal for fifteen relatives and friends who were invited to a reunion dinner at her home.

Mr. Hutchinson was advised by his friends not to allow his wife to return to the asylum. For his sake, she refused to be a party to any such scheme. Inside the asylum she had learned that the lunacy authorities seek the prosecution and punishment with the utmost rigour of the law of any person who "abducts" one of their captives. She would not allow her husband to run the risk of imprisonment on her behalf.

But on the third day, when she was due to go back to the asylum, Mrs. Hutchinson broke down, and for two hours before her departure from home to the institution she sobbed incessantly.

No doubt

Her husband sent a letter next day to the superintendent of the asylum describing his wife's rational behaviour while at home and asking for her release.

He was informed in reply that it was impossible to accede to his request and that Mrs. Hutchinson must continue to be regarded as insane and to be a prisoner because it was found that she was "upset and confused" when she came back to the asylum!

What sane woman would not be "upset and confused" on returning to a lunatic asylum after three brief days with her husband, home and children?

JOHN BULL is satisfied from the investigation it has caused to be made that the medical superintendents of the Sheffield City Hospital and the asylum where Mrs. Hutchinson is being detained cannot possibly be aware of the full circumstances in which she was sent into and is being kept in captivity.

For that reason alone, the Board of Lunacy Control is asked to appoint one of its commissioners specially to enquire into the case.

The least that should be done by the higher authorities in the deplorable circumstances is to order the release of Mrs. Hutchinson for a probationary period. There can be no doubt that her freedom will then be permanent.

Homely Wisdom by

Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

IT is part of my duty to organise from time to time what is called a School of the Clergy. For one week busy parish clergymen come together to listen to eminent scholars and receive guidance in reading and study. This is of some help to them in their own work as preachers and teachers if they wish to avail themselves of it.

A few months ago the excellent vicar of a parish not far from where I live told his churchwarden that he would have to be away for a week for this purpose. "I am going to school," he said.

"Well," replied the churchwarden with great gravity, "I should hardly have thought it possible to teach you anything."

The vicar told the story against himself with great gusto. The remark was presumably intended as a compliment to his high abilities, but he refused to take it that way, and has continued ever since to pretend that he thought the churchwarden slyly meant to hint that he was too stupid to learn. As a matter of fact he is one of the ablest parish priests in the country, with an alert mind ever receptive to useful ideas. But how slow many people are to

Unteachable

assimilate unfamiliar truth or to profit by experience! If you want to irritate a man, a good way of doing it very often is to try to show him that some of his most cherished convictions are untenable and will not bear criticism.

More opposition is roused by what is new to the mind than by what is merely foolish.

People will cling obstinately to their prejudices without ever looking into their reasons for holding them.

The reasons they will give if challenged are likely to turn out to be no reasons at all, but they stick to their opinions nevertheless.

The old saying—

Convince a man against his will,
He's of the same opinion still

accords with what one knows of human nature. We none of us like being argued out of any well-rooted notion, especially if it chimes with our self-interest.

Nor is it always self-interest that makes us the slaves of mental habit. Take note of the way in which weak persons will return to the scene of temptations which have overcome them in the past. Will the man who has lost his job through drink admit that he is not sufficiently

master of himself to be sure of being able to leave the glass alone? Not he. You will find him in the public-house the same as before.

The old saw that the burnt child dreads the fire is unimpeachable, but it does not seem to apply to the fascination that water has for him. Little Johnny fell into a pond three times yesterday, to his mother's utter bewilderment. Once she could understand—even twice, with all the discomfort involved—but three times!

"You are just like your father," she exclaimed as she put him to bed at last to keep him out of mischief. "Although he has lost money on every horse he has ever backed, he will believe the next tout that comes along with patter about a sure and certain winner."

* * *

The bitter proverb that we buy our experience is universally admitted, but we don't always act on it. If we did, we should never fall into the same trap twice. The wise man is at all times willing and ready to learn, not only from his own mistakes, but from what he perceives to be best worthy of imitation in the lives of others.

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THIS issue of "The Picturegoer" itself contains a splendid array of special articles, including exclusive studio news and, of course, P-I-C-T-U-R-E-S by the score. Hurry for your copy containing this fine Free Souvenir. There is no increase in price. It is only twopence as usual, and the demand will be tremendous.

The PICTUREGOER

ALL-PHOTOGRAVURE

TWOPENCE AS USUAL



One of the most characteristic methods of "Greenhall" was to pose as a peer's son and extract sums of money from wealthy women

It is not our policy to hit a man when he is down, but when a hardened rogue escapes the full consequences of his wrongdoing it is in the public interest that the searchlight of publicity should be thrown upon him.

Brief references often appear in the daily papers to the effect that some individual has been sentenced to a short term of imprisonment for a crime which appears to be of a trifling nature, though actually much more serious offences remain undiscovered.

The other day it was reported that a man, whose name figured in the charge sheet as Robert Dale, had been sent by the Marlborough Street magistrate to six months' hard labour on the single charge of obtaining by false pretences a small sum of money from a London company promoter.

The latter was the only prosecutor, and Dale got off very lightly, for he is actually a dangerous impostor who would have been more heavily punished had his real career been revealed.

Swiftly made friends

The offence for which he was sentenced was trifling indeed in comparison with some which have been brought to our notice and concerning which no charges have so far been made.

Dale drove up recently to a fashionable hotel in the West End of London and introduced himself in the assumed name of "Douglas Greenhall." He had a lot of luggage, was attired immaculately, and, as he possessed a delightful manner, he made friends rapidly.

Dale gave the impression that he himself was a man of independent means, and he allowed the news to leak out gradually that he was the son of a famous peer.

A few days after his arrival he was seen at dinner with an elderly lady whose interest he had aroused almost from the time of his arrival.

In appearance he reminded her of one of her favourite relations, and she was interested in making his acquaintance.

She did not know, of course, that he was actually a born and accomplished rogue with a penchant for robbing anybody upon whom he could impose.

Nor, of course, was she aware of the fact that he has constantly posed as the son of a duke, a peer and other men of title. His claims in that respect are, of course, entirely bogus, but have naturally caused annoyance to the people whose names he so impudently assumed.

During their very first conversation he confided to her that he was well connected.

He mentioned the name of a titled and

highly placed personage as being his father, and, with a suggestion that he was always well in funds, intimated that one day he would come into a very large inheritance.

As time went on Greenhall and the wealthy old lady became the greatest of friends.

The woman put such faith in him that she swallowed the most fantastic stories without question. Although he has never seen the inside of a university, he spoke most convincingly of his life at Cambridge, and talked of some of the most famous sportsmen in a way which suggested that he was himself "one of them."

One of his chief fabrications was to the effect that he was writing a novel which dealt with various phases of the career of a young man of social standing who had nothing in commercial life to claim his attention. The woman had no reason to distrust him, and when he asked her one day if she would mind assisting him with a temporary loan, as his allowance was held up, she did so willingly.

Over a period of weeks this social impostor wheedled varying sums of money from his aged victim, who finally learnt to her dismay that he was not the son of a peer at all, but a heartless young rogue who had been living on his wits, and feeding her with lies, from the first moment of their acquaintance.

Although Dale, otherwise "Greenhall," is a man of very youthful appearance, he is not by any means as young as he looks.

He is actually the son of a Scots clergyman, who took him as a child to America, where, before he was twenty, he committed a variety of offences.

Fatal fascination

As in this country, many of his frauds in the United States were perpetrated upon women, for whom he has always had a fatal and somewhat uncanny fascination.

His parents did their best to reform him as a youth, but he possessed a restless sort of character, and one by one all the many positions that were found for him were lost.

On one occasion he tried his hand in Hollywood studios, but soon had to disappear on account of frauds he committed there.

When he descended upon the Film City it was in the guise of a relative of a rich banker, and he carried his art of impersonation so far that he became engaged to an American girl who believed he was related to one of the greatest families in New York Society.

Dale described himself as "Douglas

Bogus DUKE'S SON Exposed

Sutherland" then, and bid his fiancée a fond but final farewell after he had extracted several sums of money from her and her parents.

With the police hot on his trail he disappeared for a time, and was next heard of in San Francisco, where he opened an office to deal in real estate. He still regaled people with glowing stories of his alleged "position," and after about six months found it necessary to depart from the district, as many of his victims were lodging complaints to the effect that he had obtained money from them and had given them nothing in return.

In the Legion

Before he fled to England he had served at least two terms of imprisonment in American prisons. The last was in 1929, when he was caught red-handed in the work of trying to negotiate a forged banker's draft for several thousand dollars.

How he got to this country, after serving that sentence, is not definitely known.

But he had not been here more than a few months when he found it necessary to make himself scarce owing to complaints which had been lodged with Scotland Yard by people who had parted with money to him in connection with a claim he was supposed to be pursuing against a big American estate which, he averred, owed him a large sum of money under a will of one of his mythical rich relations.

He got into the Foreign Legion next, but did not stay there long. Somehow he managed to get to Cape Town, where

complaints were soon being lodged against him. He was arrested and expelled.

Since then he has made it his habit to get into touch with people of means and to live generally by his wits. He is mostly clever enough to select his victims with great care—as he did in the instance we have given—knowing that they will hate to go into court and admit that they have been foolish enough to believe his romantic and colourful stories—stories, of course, that could so easily be exploded by a little cautious investigation.

We happen to know that detectives in London and in the provinces have tried hard to secure his arrest on bigger charges than that for which he was recently sentenced. But for the reasons we have given they have so far failed, and this plausible swindler, who is known to the police all over the world, has thus managed to evade the full justice which should clearly overtake him.

Free again

In the case for which he was recently before the court he was astute enough to plead guilty to obtaining money by false pretences from a man whom he had met by chance at a provincial hotel.

By pleading guilty he knew that the magistrate was almost certain to deal with him summarily. A month or two in prison and he will be free again to pursue his disgraceful victimisation.

There are far too many rogues who escape with small penalties—as this versatile and persistent adventurer has done.

WILL O' THE WISP WEST

NOT long since there was started in London a new periodical with the bright title of the "Topical Review," which was to deal with "Matters of Moment" and "People of Note."

George West, who spoke with an American accent, and who hinted at his wonderful journalistic past and future, was the editor of this journal of light and leading.

His advertisements, worded as follows, began to appear in widely circulating newspapers:—

"A new Review will train beginner, either sex. Also seeks topical features, fiction, verse, etc."

The response to these advertisements was overwhelming, and George West, after some difficulty, produced No. 1 of the "Topical Review," which apparently was not a howling success.

When few members of the outside public paid a shilling for the privilege of reading this new journal, George West, the editor, may have been disheartened, but he was not dismayed.

He continued to advertise, and those who sent manuscripts were asked to send him 1s. 3d. for a copy of the "Topical Review"; but one who sent the money never received anything in exchange which may have been sheer

forgetfulness on the part of an over-worked editor.

A Birmingham reader had a cheery letter from George West, who apparently had not a typewriter at his disposal, since he wrote longhand, saying three of his articles were being retained.

Then came a further letter saying that as the response from writers had been so overwhelming, "the company" had decided to alter its plans, and make the publication a far bigger thing than had been contemplated.

The bright idea was then put forward that subscribing contributors should be enrolled at £1 per share. Those who paid £1 received a letter stating that the company, which incidentally had no real existence, bound itself to purchase articles within three months at a minimum rate of £1 an article.

The new magazine was to have been born on July 25, but contributors of cash and articles grew impatient. Then their letters began to come back marked with the intimation that George West had "Gone Away."

For a time he made use of a small office on Ludgate Hill, but he left this last stronghold a few weeks ago.

In departing he left behind him a debt to his printers and a mass of over 500 manuscripts from his victims.

The rest is silence.



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J.B. 7,9,35.

HUGE THREE-IN-ONE PRIZE WON OUTRIGHT AGAIN

Result of Crossword Competition No. 318

The only correct solution in the above Competition was received from:—
A. BOOTH, 25, "F" Block, Middleton Sanatorium, Ilkley, Yorks.
who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive a Life Pension of £6 monthly, £400 in cash,
and £50 Holiday Cheque this year and next, or one lump sum of £750.
Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand
a scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, September 17, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of Solution and Postal
Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor
of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This Prize
has been divided between the following 27 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one
error, and who will each receive £5 11s. 2d.:—
Andrew, C. J., 566, Commercial Rd., Portsmouth; Ansell, Miss E., 51, Hale St., Warrington; Beresford,
H., 14, Haswell Rd., Sandbach, Ches.; Brown, E., 180, Long Lane, Bermondsey, S.E.1; Candy, B.,
4, Bircoot Rd., Wells, Somerset; Childs, W. H., 15, Maple (Gdns.), Edware, Middx.; Clark, R. C., 25,
Newhill, Conisburgh, Nr. Rotherham; Dixon, G., 5, Tintern Ave., Fairweather Green, Bradford,
Yorks; Duffield, W. T., Soneri, Priory Close, Dudley, Worcs.; Eashy, B., 25, Richmond Place, Ilkley,
Yorks; Ellington, G., 67, Guildford St., Chertsey, Surrey; Elliott, K. T., 14, South Rise, Carshalton
Heath; Harding, E. E., Rose Villa, Ollerton, Nr. Market Drayton; Heaton, T., 25, Stamford Ave.,
Aldersham; Jones, A. E., 15, Lizard St., Bradford, Yorks; Jones, T., 100, High St., Tumble, Llanelli;
Jordan, L., Mayfield, Ballards Lane, Finchley, N.3; Lagan, T., Park Cott., Rough Common, Canterbury;
Marlew, H., 7, Mead Walk, Anlaby Park, Hull; Midsley, A., 58, Derby St., St. Horton, Bradford;
Parr, P., 13, Earl St., Leich, Lancs.; Payne, V., 63, St. Saviour's Rd., Leicester; Ryecroft, A., 38, Glen-
field Rd., Nelson, Lancs.; Scott, J., 20, William St., Penrith, Cumb.; Walker, Mrs. A., Greystone Green
Farm, Northwich, Ches.; Walsh, T. H., 219, Burgess Rd., Bassett, Southampton; Wheeler, Mrs.,
33, Clifford St., Watford.

A Crossword Bonus Ticket containing 80 Free Entries for our Contest will also be sent to every
Runner-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.
Surprise Awards were won by 289 competitors who submitted solutions containing two errors.
Turn to Page 36 now for full details of this week's "John Bull" Crossword Offer and make up your
mind to enter for the big prize.

How Mary became a bride— and a pretty bride too



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altar to Knight's Castile. For
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BABY'S DEATH

Certificate MYSTERY

IN our recent series of articles "What's Wrong with Our Hospitals" we paid tribute to the sterling work that these great institutions accomplish in the face of overwhelming difficulties. We have always appreciated this and have never been stinting in our praise or admiration for their fine work.

But we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that the public faith in the administration of hospitals is often shaken in consequence of disclosures by coroners and private doctors, and it is only by the whole truth being made known that the carelessness and negligence which cause these happenings can be effectively checked.

What must be the limit of faulty hospital management was reached at Liverpool a few days ago. Involved in it is the strange death of a three-months-old baby, Ellen McDonald, of 4, Thornton Street, Litherland, Lancashire, and it is manifestly a case which must not be allowed to become forgotten and which demands much more than local consideration.

Baby McDonald was a healthy child, of full weight, well nourished, and strong and lively.

Brief life

But during the third and last month of her brief life she became prone to crying after feeding instead of slumbering naturally. Although no ill-effects were noticeable in the physical condition or progress of the infant, it was wisely decided to incur no risks and she was taken for examination to a clinic.

With what was no doubt complete accuracy, the baby's ailment was there diagnosed to be merely wind in the stomach, and appropriate treatment and medicine were prescribed.

The mother—it was her first child—was anxious to be reassured, so she sought a second opinion. She went to the David Lewis Northern Hospital, Liverpool, to obtain it, and her consent was readily given when it was suggested that she should allow her baby to remain in a ward of the institution for observation.

Events were to end in peculiar tragedy, but, for the moment, the young mother was happy in the thought that her child would be in the care of a hospital with an honoured name and a staff of consultants and practitioners as talented as those of any similar institution in the country.

It was suggested to her when she left the child that it was possibly affected by some slight nervous disorder, and she was led to believe that, if such was the case, she had no reason for apprehension, because the condition would almost certainly respond to treatment.

Particulars of the child's home circum-

stances were asked for, together with its exact age, for entry in the hospital register and on its medical chart. There is no doubt that the age was given as three months.

A few days after little Ellen had been in the hospital, some of her mother's friends, while visiting the ward, were somewhat puzzled by a remark of a nurse in which she spoke of the child as being seven months old. They laughingly corrected what they believed to be merely a slip of the tongue. This small incident was, however, to acquire a strange relationship to certain subsequent events.

Meanwhile, Baby McDonald continued to be bright, and the mother was immensely comforted when told that she was feeding and sleeping well and that the spells of crying had almost ceased.

When the infant had been in the hospital exactly a week, a visit was paid by a friend of the mother, Mrs. Wallace, who was asked to inform the mother that she could take her baby home next day.

The doctor in charge, she was told, had decided that day that it was not necessary for the child to remain in hospital any longer.

Amazement

Mrs. Wallace agreed to take the baby to its home. When it was brought to her from the ward, she could not choke back a cry of amazement. So great was her surprise that she dropped a parcel which she was carrying.

Ellen's condition and appearance had become transformed. Her eyes were sunken and dull, and her chubby face long and haggard. When touched and spoken to, she made no response, and, instead of her usual virile cries, she only moaned feebly.

Mrs. Wallace protested that the baby was not fit to be discharged.

"Oh, yes, it is," said the nurse. "The doctor is satisfied. All that it needs now is fresh air and cuddling."

The baby was, therefore, taken to its mother, who was also appalled when she saw it.

Only for a few moments did the child



Sir Samuel Brighouse, Coroner for South West Lancashire, pronounced the whole case of baby McDonald's tragic death to be "very unsatisfactory"

evince interest in anything. It gurgled delightedly when it saw a canary in a cage which had always been near its cot and it clasped and made noises to its favourite doll. The revival lasted only some seconds, and it fell back into the kind of coma in which it had been sent out from the hospital.

The mother, now distracted, went to the hospital and saw a doctor. "What have you done to my baby?" she demanded. "It is dying."

The doctor said the child had become infected by some kind of germ, but told her not to be foolish or alarmed because it was in no danger. Mystified, the mother returned home.

In the meantime, a private doctor who had been summoned was fighting strenuously to save the child. The battle was a hopeless one. Its pulse was very weak and the temperature 101 degrees.

In less than twelve hours after she had been discharged from hospital, Baby McDonald was dead.

Next day, to relieve the broken-hearted young mother of the ordeal, Mrs. Wallace, her friend, went to the hospital and explained that the child had died.

A doctor proceeded to make out a death certificate, which, without reading it, Mrs. Wallace took to the office of the registrar of deaths.

There astounding discoveries were made.

They were that the doctor had entered Ellen's age in the certificate not as three, but as seven months, and that he had declared that she had died not at home but in the hospital.

Only the alertness of the woman registrar during her conversation with Mrs. Wallace had led to the detection of these mis-statements. Otherwise, the baby would have been buried and a wrong record of the circumstances of the child's death would have been officially preserved.

As it was, in consequence of the registrar getting into touch at once with the coroner, a post-mortem examination was made and an inquest held.

But there was a third and startling statement in the death certificate. It was that the cause of Ellen McDonald's death was septicæmia—the first

intimation that the child had contracted poisoning of any kind.

Sir Samuel Brighouse, England's oldest coroner, conducted the inquest, and, referring to the fact that the child's mother had little means, he said that when hospitals once took an obligation upon themselves, they should perform it, whether they were rewarded by financial payment or not.

He also declared that the whole case was very unsatisfactory.

Our queries

With due respect to Sir Samuel, JOHN BULL suggests that this is not enough and that enquiry must be carried much farther. It would be desirable, at least, to have answers to these questions:

- (1) When and how did the baby contract septicæmia or toxæmia?
 - (2) Was the three-months-old child fed and treated during the week it was in hospital as a seven-months-old child?
 - (3) Why was the child discharged from the hospital ostensibly as cured?
 - (4) Why when it was known to be suffering from septicæmia, was the fact not made known to the mother so that she could be made alive to the necessity for further medical aid at home?
 - (5) How did the doctor come to certify that the baby died in the hospital instead of at home?
 - (6) How did the age entry of seven months come to be made in the certificate?
 - (7) How did the doctor know the cause of the child's death when it did not die in hospital?
 - (8) Why did the doctor not take steps to see that the baby was really dead before he signed the death certificate?
 - (9) Why was it that the doctor who had charge of the child during its last illness was not called upon to perform his legal duty of providing the death certificate?
- Only when these questions are fully answered by a Ministry of Health investigation can the case of the tragic death of Baby McDonald be closed.

MUSHROOM CHARITY SCHEME

ANOTHER dubious charity organisation, the Eleventh Hour Rescue Society, of York Road, Lambeth, has recently come into the limelight of publicity.

When the president and a woman employed as a collector by this society appeared before the Hampstead Bench, the chairman said that the way in which the society had been run had given cause for a great amount of suspicion that it was not a bona-fide society.

Stanley Arthur Pugh, the president of the Eleventh Hour Rescue Society, was fined for aiding and abetting a woman collector, who was also fined for making a collection in the street without an authorised permit.

We have frequently issued warnings about charities which spring up overnight and proceed to rake in money from the long-suffering public. In this case it was revealed that the woman col-

lector received 50 per cent. of all she collected, and earned by this means about £4.

When asked how the funds were distributed, Pugh stated that meal tickets were distributed to men who called at the office.

But on being asked by the police to produce documentary evidence, Pugh made the excuse that the books were with the accountants.

Mr. Pugh may have the best intentions, but as he has only a small office in York Road, Lambeth, appoints collectors on a 50 per cent. commission basis, and has no committee or any visible organisation worth the name, the magistrate's comment seems more than justified.

* * *

In any case, there are well-organised and soundly established charities doing the same work very effectively.

The WRIGGLE

A FEW months ago a young salesman driving along a Midlands highway in the dark knocked down and killed a cyclist. The cyclist was a tradesman in a comfortable way of business. He was also the father of a family and its sole breadwinner, and in the court action which followed the accident heavy damages were awarded against the motorist.

Of course, he was insured. He was a careful young man, and he had paid good money for a comprehensive policy which he believed provided him with ample cover against all accidents. But he was wrong. He had not been careful enough.

Before the Court action came on the insurance company informed him that it repudiated all liability under the policy. The reason given was that in his proposal form for the insurance he had suppressed material information concerning previous driving offences.

Trivial fault

What were his previous driving offences? Actually he had one conviction against him a few years before for a minor offence which had little to do with "driving," such as leaving his car unattended with the engine running. When he filled in the proposal form and came to the clause requiring information about driving convictions he assumed that this referred to serious matters like "drunk in charge" or "driving to the manner dangerous," and so opposite this clause he had written "None."

But this trivial and innocent misstatement is presumably held sufficient grounds by the insurance company for avoidance of its obligations. The position to-day is that the motorist concerned has spent all his money in meeting legal costs, and he has no resources left to pay the damages awarded the dead man's family. Of course, he can take the insurance company into the courts and contest the validity of the grounds on which they have repudiated liability. But that means more money.

There was such a case some time ago when the insurers, a group of Lloyd's underwriters who had voided a policy on similar apparently trivial grounds, were sued in the High Courts by a motorist.

Big outlay

He was able to engage counsel who so ridiculed and destroyed the insurers' defence that their case collapsed in a few minutes, and they hastily admitted liability. But this motorist had been able to find the big initial outlay in legal costs which made this result possible.

At the moment there is a Bill before Parliament which is designed to give the Board of Trade more powers of enquiry into the finance and conduct of insurance companies. This is a measure which has been consistently urged by JOHN BULL, and it should do something towards ending the scandalous exploitation of motorists and general public by mushroom and insolvent companies.

But the Board of Trade's new powers, useful though they may be, are not enough. There should be legislation to stop the "wriggle racket," as a well-known High Court counsel recently described it, which is practised by so many of the smaller insurance companies.

Only a few weeks ago in the House of Commons, Sir George Jones, M.P. for Stoke Newington, asked whether

the Government would introduce legislation providing that insurance companies should be "absolutely precluded" from denying liability to injured third parties under the ordinary motorist's policy. The Minister of Transport replied that he did not propose to introduce further amending legislation until there "had been longer experience of the present provisions."

But the fact that this question had to be asked should remove a very widespread misunderstanding which exists among the country's two-and-a-half million motorists. Many of them believe that, having taken out the third-party policy which the law requires, they are now covered against any claims for damages from an injured third party.

But that policy is merely an indemnity—and sometimes it is a very slender indemnity. There is a general belief that since the last amendments to the Road Traffic Act this year insurance companies have in all cases a direct liability to the injured third party which cannot be set aside.

It is an erroneous belief. For however inclusive may be the wording and the purpose of the Act, in actual practice it is constantly being defeated.

19 years to pay

The case we quoted at the beginning of this article is an example. There are plenty more.

A few weeks ago a young clerk earning £3 a week was involved in an accident, and had a judgment given against him in a claim amounting to £1,000.

The insurance company repudiated liability on the grounds that he was under age at the time of taking out the policy. It never paid a penny, and the boy is now paying off the claim at the rate of £1 a week out of his wages of £3.

The judge referred in scathing terms to this "miserable, wretched insurance company," and expressed his sympathy with the boy who would be saddled with the burden of that claim for more than nineteen years!

The "wriggle racket" is based on the fact that the law regarding contracts of insurance is rather different from that applying to other forms of contract. Besides breach of conditions, the suppression of a material fact or misrepresentation, innocent or otherwise, can render the insurance contract void.

And to wriggle out of their obligations some of the smaller and less reputable companies stretch their interpretations of breach or misrepresentation to the most astonishing lengths—and get away with it.

Indignation

Here is a case in point. A Wimbledon man took out a policy with a certain company at what he thought was a very cheap rate. As it turned out, it was the most expensive transaction he has ever made.

One of the conditions of the policy was that it covered the use of the car for "private, domestic and pleasure purposes only," which, the man thought, was fair enough. There was no precise definition of what

those words implied. But one Saturday morning he decided to drive into the City to his office instead of going off to golf. In one of the City streets he ran into another car, smashed it and his own car, and injured a pedestrian.

When, in due course, he reported the matter to his insurance company, he was asked first what he was doing in the City street, and when, innocently, he told the company that he was on his way to his office, it immediately repudiated any liability.

It held that there was a breach of conditions—that as the accident occurred when the man was going to his office, then the car was being used for business and not private purposes!

The motorist was, of course, indignant. He argued that to go to one's office, out of working hours, and on a solitary occasion, was surely part of private use. That, in the absence of a definition on the policy, to go to and fro every day was still private use in the minds of all men of common sense. But his arguments were of no avail.

This arbitrary and outrageous action on the part of the company runs directly contrary to established legal ruling. It has long been decided that a person cannot claim Income Tax rebate for the running expenses of his car during journeys between home and work. The Courts have held that this is private and not business use! But that

ruling does not bother the insurance company. It makes its own.

Another, and even more wretched instance of the "wriggle racket" at work is the case of a Brighton woman whose motor-car policy was merely endorsed "pleasure purposes exclusively." There were no definitions of what did not constitute pleasure purposes, so she assumed, as would most people, that those words meant she was not to use the car for anything that could be described as "business" or employment, such as calling for orders, carrying samples, carrying paying passengers, etc.

One day she drove from her home into the town and, swinging down a side turning, collided with another car, doing considerable damage. A police-court case followed because it was alleged against her that she had ignored a policeman's signal. She was acquitted of this charge.

What is pleasure?

In the course of the hearing it emerged, however, that she was engaged on a shopping expedition when the accident occurred. Promptly her insurance company denied liability on the extraordinary grounds that "shopping" was not a pleasure purpose.

Her solicitors decided to fight the insurance company, but while they were trying by correspondence to get the company to change its atti-



LE RACKET

unfortunate owner of the wrecked car might think he is covered against a bad accident—but pity him if the insurance company is one of the "wriggle racketeers"! They'll find a loophole for themselves!



tude, the woman had to produce about £200 for previous legal costs and damages to the other car.

Then just as her solicitors were going into Court the insurance company went into liquidation!

Among the smaller companies, and especially those which quote "cut rates," there is the widest possible variation in the wording of the conditions of the policies, and they are often full of loose definitions, each one of which provides the company with a chance to wriggle out of its contract.

Poor consolation

A common trap, and one which is of grave importance to the motorist and to any third party he may injure, is that which restricts the liability to a particular driver.

There was a particularly bad case recently which came before the Courts. A Chislehurst man who intended to hire out his car arranged for a third party policy covering all risks. He received a cover note stating that the insurance was effective when the car was driven by "any licensed driver," and later he was sent a policy which he put away without reading. A short time afterwards a customer, a licensed driver to whom he had hired out the car at so much a day, collided with and killed a motor cyclist.

When the question of insurance arose, the company referred the car

owner to the terms of his policy and repudiated liability. When he examined the policy he noticed for the first time that the wording was different from the cover note. The certificate stated that the insurance was limited to accidents occurring when the actual "policy-holder or person in his employ" was driving.

Strong remarks were made in Court about "this wriggling insurance company," but that was poor consolation to the man who had to face heavy legal costs and claims for damages.

"Driver restriction" clauses in third party policies are one of the most dangerous flaws in the provisions of the Road Traffic Act. But another is the policy which restricts liability to certain types of injured third party. There are motorists who are blissfully unaware that their policy, which they think protects them against any third party damages, does not, in fact, cover them against injury to a passenger in their car.

Loopholes

There is the present ridiculous position that anybody who accepts a lift from a friend should, for his own security, and unless the friend be a man of substance, demand to see his insurance policy!

Of course, few reputable companies care to get cheap business by multiplying restrictions, and none all their policies with loosely defined

A Warning to Every Motorist

conditions. Nor will they seek to profit by an innocent misrepresentation. But there are still plenty of companies which will do so and preserve such tactics because they are open loopholes for subsequent repudiation.

Obviously it is only by such methods that they can continue in business. It was stated last year that the profits made by the tariff companies, although they issue the more expensive motor insurance policies, was less than 1 per cent. How, then, can some of the smaller companies, issuing the very cheapest type of policy, hope to live except by evading claims liability by every means within their power?

Bluff tactics

Often the grounds pleaded in repudiation are a bluff, but it is a bluff difficult to call unless the unfortunate policy holder possesses good legal and financial resources with which to compel the insurance company to disgorge. And very few of the country's motorists are in that position.

A case quoted to JOHN BULL by a well-known City insurance broker shows how bluff tactics work, and the trouble and worry which a motorist can be compelled to undergo.

The policy holder concerned was in a bad smash, but before the Court action came on his insurers abandoned him, repudiating liability on a technical misrepresentation in his proposal forms.

The circumstances of the accident were difficult, and this man was loaded with heavy legal costs. In addition, immediately after the case, which he lost, the other side began pressing heavily for the awarded damages.

The case disposed of, he turned again to the insurance company, and told it that its grounds for repudiation were so preposterous that he intended to take the matter into Court. He was informed that the company were prepared to defend their action.

Then one of the company's adjusters, who had meanwhile investigated the man's income and other resources, went to him and, in effect, said: "You have already dropped a lot of money in legal costs. My company will defend their action to the last ditch, and so you have every likelihood of losing still more. If you are a sensible man, my company might, as an act

of sheer grace, meet you with a portion of these damages."

In the end the man, driven to distraction by the need of immediate money to clear bills and claims which were pressing, and knowing full well that he was being bluffed, had to settle—for less than half the amount he could have claimed.

It is no use to say that motorists should only insure with reputable and long-established companies, and that they should guard their interests by closely scrutinising the terms of their policies. There are scores of thousands who will buy the cheapest cover they can get, and many more thousands who will not read their policies.

All of them are a potential menace to themselves and to other road users. There are dozens of cases every year where a person leaves a British court in possession of a judgment for injuries or other damages which is not worth the paper it is written on.

The true remedy for the "wriggle racket" by unscrupulous insurance companies lies in new legislation to put motor insurance in a class by itself, and on a proper national basis.

In the view of many—including some of His Majesty's Judges—it is all wrong for Parliament to compel the public to purchase protection through private enterprise. The ideal is that motor insurance, and particularly third party insurance, should be State run.

But while the present system exists Parliament should at least see to it that private enterprise does its job properly, and that the protection purchased is adequate and automatic.

First, all insurance companies must be definitely precluded from repudiating third party liability on any grounds whatsoever.

As in some other countries—like Denmark, for instance—the insurers must settle damages claims at once, and look to the policy-holder afterwards if there has been misrepresentation.

Secondly, no company should be allowed to do motor insurance business unless it has been certified to do so by the Ministry of Transport.

Such certificate only to be granted after the closest investigation into its financial stability and contingent on proper accounts being rendered each year.

New control

Thirdly, there must be one standard form of policy for all companies, the wording of which has been approved by the Ministry of Transport.

There must be only one type of third party policy, and it must not contain the restrictive clauses as to driver and other conditions which have provided such a solid basis for the "wriggle racket."

The control of motor insurance companies has so far been the function of the Board of Trade, but judging from the experience of the past few years that Department has only demonstrated its utter incapacity; and all it hopes for from the new Bill now before Parliament are a few more detective powers over rickety companies.

The logical department surely for motor insurance control is the Ministry of Transport.

But we are indifferent as to whether it is Mr. Runciman or Mr. Hore-Belisha who brings about the legislative changes we have outlined above.

All we know is that those three points are vitally and urgently necessary. They will break the "wriggle racket," and the dud insurance company, more completely than a few more extra powers for nusing into balance-sheets.



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STA-BLOND
THE BLOND HAIR SHAMPOO

IT was amid a fusillade of rifle shots, my first baptism of fire, that I experienced the bitter-sweet thrills of physical danger and faced what seemed for a time certain death at the hands of fanatical native rioters in the Holy Land six years ago.

Few English residents of Palestine during the civil disturbances of 1929 will ever forget the tense days during which attack and murder literally lurked at every unprotected corner. Hundreds of lives were lost, both in massacres in different parts of the country and in punitive measures by the forces, and untold damage was done.

The now-famous Palestine riots flared up on Friday, August 23, 1929. By Saturday midday Britons employed in Government or civilian jobs had volunteered for service as special constables and were allotted to various tasks to assist the indomitable but overworked British police as supernumeraries.

I was among the volunteers on Saturday, a day on which over sixty helpless old Jews had been hacked to pieces and brutally murdered in Abraham's town of Hebron.

My sturdy little four-seater was conscripted for action with myself at the wheel, and a fine performance she gave indeed during that troublous time. The little "pigeon" allotted to "Bulldog" (the car) and its driver was to transport three other armed Britons from place to place on roving patrol. We were a mixed fraternity—two Englishmen, a Scotsman, and a Welshman—with a common loyalty to the Union Jack.

"I say, George, there's a little show on half-way down the road to Jaffa!" was the first intimation our patrol leader, an ex-officer in an important Government post, had of the adventure upon which we were to be launched. We were sitting on benches at police headquarters in Jerusalem exchanging cigarettes and yarns.



George took the particulars hurriedly as I went to ensure that petrol, oil and water checked up for an eighty-mile patrol. It appeared that some 500 Arab villagers, howling like dervishes, had been reported as "on the rampage" towards a Jewish settlement some thirty miles away, just off the main road, and the laconic instructions we received were, "Head them off."

True to our rôle of soldiers of fortune, though the responsibility to which we had sworn was much greater than that of mercenaries, the four of us set off at top speed along the asphalted highways. "Bulldog" cleared some narrow corners and narrowly shaved a packed Army lorry before we passed the outskirts of the city.

Careering around the hairpin bends of that remarkable convulsion of mountain passes known as the Jaffa-Jerusalem highway, we took stock of our position. Three rifles and a revolver: the driver was not supposed to shoot until his attacker came within pistol distance!

It was a record spin, and the place specified was reached in just over forty



My companions had their eyes glued to the sights on their weapons. Suddenly I heard a gasp behind me, and I wheeled round, prepared to shoot

BOMBS

that SAVED MY LIFE

minutes—not too bad for trusty old "Bulldog." We motored cautiously to an overlooking eminence, and parked quietly.

Below us, in the centre of a broad plain, a throng of excited villagers, in picturesque flowing garments, were gathered around a central figure waving a sword and borne on the shoulders of his escort.

The words wafted to us over the still air were sufficient to warn us that trouble was brewing. The man was inciting his fellows to march to the neighbouring colony, sack and pillage it, and take the women.

"But shoot the men first!" he was shouting. "Shoot them down like the dogs they are!"

To say that it was a delicate situation would be like stopping to light a cigarette with a charging rhinoceros six feet off. Our patrol leader, however, had been in worse hot spots during the war, an experience which his three companions had not encountered.

"One round each into the air," he ordered the riflemen. The crack of the three shots (my revolver was in the unbuttoned holster) sounded ominously in that otherwise calm pastoral surrounding. Certainly it had the desired effect: for five hundred heads slewed round towards us on the hill, and five hundred pairs of eyes darted fire and vengeance at us.



"Ill Inglesi!"—"The Englishmen!" shouted a score of voices, and the cry was taken up. "Shoot them, they have come to take us."

But before their marksmen could take aim—and there were about fifty of them,

the rest being armed with swords, sticks and hayforks—our cool and affable commander had given his own orders.

"One round at their feet and another to that ravine at their side."

The boulders on the hill afforded sufficient cover. In perfect unison, two rounds rang out and peppered the loose soil around the crowd. For a moment they were nonplussed and hesitated. One could see them debating. Shall we rush that hill or not?

My companions had their eyes glued to the sights on their weapons, poised in the long crevices of the boulders. Suddenly I heard a gasp behind me, and wheeled round, pistol in hand, prepared to shoot if it were an attack from the rear.



A young colonist, his forehead dripping with perspiration and his shirt almost ripped down the front, was standing there. "I am going for help," he panted. "You men cannot hold off that crowd. Where shall I go?"

I scribbled a few lines on the back of an old envelope.

"Give that to the police officer at Ramleh," I ordered. "We'll keep these men off until reinforcements arrive."

He started to go off toward his tethered mule, when an idea struck me. "Can you drive?" I asked. He nodded. Without another word, I bundled him into "Bulldog," and off he went, pursued by a few stray shots from the menacing throng, which had by now recovered its composure and was plotting its tactics.

The memory of the next half-an-hour (Continued on page 24)



"Good for you" is one thing: "nice to eat" is another. If you had to eat the same thing every morning, perhaps you'd get tired of it too. Even the nicest cereals can be made nicer — and still more nourishing. Just add a big spoonful of Nestlé's Milk. It doubles the energy value of breakfast, and the next word you hear is "All-gone!"

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THE ENEMY IS ROUTED

frequently recurs to the four of us after a strenuous day, when nightmares are common.

Our patrol leader had ordered a barrage only, meaning to shoot but not to kill. "No sense in killing any of them and inflaming people further," was his wise command.

The barrage kept off most of them, and it was not until a quarter of an hour later that we realised the cunning strategy of that idling throng.

A dozen snipers, more daring than the rest and armed with German contraband rifles, had crept forward through the gully, wriggling a few inches at a time, where we could not see them below the hill. The body of the rioters pretended to mill around so as to distract our attention.



Suddenly, about fifteen yards off, the excited dozen guerilla fighters jumped up and brought their rifles to their shoulders. The four of us ducked for shelter, as a spatter of bullets smacked overhead and fell behind. It was as close a shave as any in trench warfare.

George was in a quandary. If we returned the fire at such close quarters it was a safe bet that three or four of them would "get it in the neck for keeps."

On the other hand, if we did not shoot we should be in for it ourselves, and there would be a nice funeral with military honours.

One of the specials, a London man named Edward Best, had already been killed while defending a suburb on the Jerusalem outskirts.

But to shoot at the advancing marauders meant a reversal of our entire policy of bloodless capture. Our instructions had been to "head them off," not just "shoot them down."

George said, "This is where discretion is the better part of valour. We'll just surrender and see if we can't bluff our way out of it."

Our Welshman, however, was not so complaisant. "Whatever for? We are law and order and we must fight our way out of it!" he declared. "I vote for two juicy rounds at 'em."

"No question of a vote," rejoined George. "So long as I'm patrol leader

there'll be no shooting. Where's my handkerchief?"

It seemed to be touch-and-go while he carefully knotted his white handkerchief to the barrel of his rifle. Even if we yielded I foresaw a bad couple of hours with the rebels and some rough handling, too, before we could get them pacified and back to their homes.

For, deep at heart, the Arabs are law-abiding and only aroused when inflamed by racial agitation of the most vicious kind.

But just as the white flag was about to go up there was a dull humming to the west, which resolved itself into the drone of an aeroplane rapidly approaching.

"Join the Air Force and bag the kudos!" said our taciturn Scotsman. And his remark, coming on the heels of the tension, released our keyed-up nerves.

We all broke into a hearty and uncontrollable roar of laughter, which, more than any number of rounds of rifle fire, dumfounded our attackers, who were barely five yards off and preparing for their final coup.

"Il Inglesi majnunin, yakhri beltum!" I heard one say. "The Englishmen have gone mad, may their houses be burned!"

And mad that laughter sounded until the sound of the aeroplane engines was almost overhead. Then they dropped their rifles and rushed down the hill helter-skelter for their friends, who were as baffled as they at the failure of the attack. Our laughter pursued them.

Just as the crowd began to break up and to scatter for home some ten or twelve cars, filled with "specials," came careening off the road, making a wide arc so as to encircle the rioters.



The aeroplane was dropping what looked like gas-bombs, heavy objects which thudded on the earth among the frantically fleeing villagers.

The "bombs" settled it. The rebels just collapsed into sitting postures and held up their hands as high as they could above their heads in surrender. "Khalas! Khalas! Nachna mutteen! Finished! Finished! We are dead men!" they yelled.

The cars with the special constables

Race with "Silver Ring"

UNLESS my mailbag brings me a genuine poser every week—I get scores of problems which are speedily adding to my grey hairs!

—I feel that I have been done out of some spade-work. This week I have no complaints. One correspondent wanted to know the names of the triple dead-heaters at Windsor in 1923. The horses were Dinkle, Dumas and Marx, and I was able to tell him that Unexpected, Gamestar, Lady Golightly and Overread had tied in a race at Newmarket.

Another bright lad who backed Toward Point at Pontefract and lost his money because his jockey weighed in 10 lb. light—having forgotten to carry a saddle cloth—queries the subject of a jockey's whip.

This part of a rider's equipment does not go on the scales. It was decided after Ellington, owned by Admiral Harcourt, had won the Derby in 1856, that whips should not be included in the weigh-in. Aldcroft, who rode Ellington, just managed to pass the scales, with the aid of his whip, which weighed 7 lb.!

I see no reason to alter my St. Leger selections—Bahram win, Buckleigh a place. The latter is due to run at Gatwick at the time of writing. If he does badly I shall substitute Fair Trial.

In connection with the St. Leger, a reader informs me that horses whose names begin with the letter B do very

St. Leger Finals

well in big races!! (I hadn't noticed this), but goes on to remark the very few winners of the "Leger" whose names began with B.

There was Bourbon, Beningsbrough, Barefoot, Birmingham, Blue Bonnet, Blair Athol, Bayardo, Black Jester and Book Law. Maybe this is a small number over a course of years dating from 1776—if there is anything in my correspondent's suggestion! But I certainly think that Bahram will add to the number.

At Manchester this week-end, I like St. Hubert for the Prince Edward Handicap.

Diosma may take the Palatine Nursery, and I suggest The Dentist for the Egerton Handicap. This one should pull out enough to win it!

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, September 5, to Wednesday, September 11. L W N 96 G E D V H J I 95 B O Y 97

Q C 93 B A K X U Z R 98 T F 94 M F

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: E9398AZ95KX would read KNIGHTED. Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. WJ952G would read CARETTA.

came to a halt and the Ramleh fellows, their rifles ready, jumped out and surrounded the crowd.

The aeroplane had disappeared by now into the haze on the horizon. The calm cobalt sky was unflinching save for the swoop of inquisitive birds, anxious to know what all the human bother was about.

It was a sweltering day and the perspiration poured off us and into our sun-helmets as we picked our way down the rocks toward the rescue party.

The rioters were being lined up none too gently and relieved of their arms prior to being marched off to the improvised concentration camp three miles away.



They looked crestfallen enough as they started to go. But George and I had eyes only for the "bombs." One of them had split, and a sheaf of papers was sticking out of the brown-paper wrapping.

It then transpired, to our considerable amusement, that the aeroplane had not been sent to our rescue after all. It had been commissioned to drop circulars wherever crowds were gathered and thought the fiery gathering which we had held at bay was an open-air meeting.

The papers were actually proclamations, signed by the Acting High Commissioner, Mr. (now Sir) Harry Luke, who has since become Lieutenant-Governor of Malta, advising the populace to keep the peace and refrain from violence.

Never were proclamations more literally obeyed!

"The Greatest of These—"

She Serves Seven

WE are pleading this week for a very anxious but courageous girl of seventeen, the eldest of seven children, the youngest, Evie, being four years old.

On her own earnings and those of two young brothers, bringing in on an average 35s. a week, this young girl is paying the rent of 15s. a week, and striving to keep the household together.

Her father, who served all through the war, was wounded, and for a time a prisoner, disappeared some years ago. As it is not known whether he is dead or alive, the children's mother cannot get a pension.

She was able to earn a scant living for herself and her seven children until last April, when she met with an appalling disaster. One of her young sons, who was cycling, knocked her down by accident. She fractured the base of her skull, her cheek bones were smashed, and she was disfigured for the rest of her life.

"I am doing my best to carry on," says her seventeen-years-old daughter. "But her debts have mounted up alarmingly. I have kept the rent good, because I think a shelter is everything. But we are very low in other ways. I dare not worry mother, as she is in no fit condition to stand it. Her nerves are completely gone. We have been left on our own for years. I know what it is to have to struggle."



The children are not very strong, having had to suffer privation ever since their father's disappearance. Last winter three of the children at school were found to be suffering from malnutrition. The beds at one time had to be taken to pay the rent.

Their Vicar speaks highly of the family. He considers the way in which Evie's mother has managed her household and to bring up her family is a great credit to her, and must have entailed great self-sacrifice and care.

We therefore place this very genuine and meritorious, but also very pitiful family, in the hands of our kind-hearted readers, knowing that they will respond by sending donations earmarked "Evie," the baby of the family.

All donations to "Evie," or for the general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

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Dreading TO-MORROW..

THE other day I walked into one of the wards of my Hospital and I spoke to the woman in the first bed. A shadow shrouded her face. "I am just dreading to-morrow," she told me. She had reason for her fears. A serious operation is a terrifying experience.

As I came away I thought of the many people in the world who, too, are "dreading to-morrow." But, unlike that woman patient, they have no real ground for their anxiety. They allow themselves to be haunted by the ghost of "what might happen."

Let me describe the forebodings of two of my correspondents. The first one says:—

"I shall be twenty-six next birthday and my husband is seventeen years older than me. We have been married for nearly three years and at first we were ideally happy, until a serious difference of opinion arose between us.

"It has been the dearest wish of my life to have children, but my husband has never wanted any. His reason is that he was badly wounded in the war, and he says that he does not want any sons of his to go through the same hell.

"I have used all kinds of persuasion, but to no avail. To everything I say he replies that I may be right, but the risk is not worth taking.

"All this talk about Italy and Abyssinia makes him only the more sure that he is right, but I can't think that, after all this country has gone through, we should be foolish enough to go to war again. What do you think?"

The possibility of another war is at the root of my next problem. Here it is:

"I am a married man, thirty-two years of age, and we have two children. At present I am in lodgings thirty miles from home, as I am unable to get a house nearer my work. We are considering having a bungalow built, but are reluctant to undertake this on account of recent war talk.

"We don't want to sink all our savings in this venture (I have a little money in War Loan) and then for me to be called up and killed.

"Do you think England will go to war, or can we go ahead and settle down to a peaceful spell?"

NOW these two letters are typical of a great many others that are reaching me. They show how life is being paralysed by this dread of the unknown future. In these cases, the question is—Is England likely to go to war? If I were able to foretell the future, I should be able to answer it. But that is completely beyond my power.

I can only look back on the past and marvel at the state of affairs to-day. From 1914 to 1918 we were engaged in what was to be "the war to end war." We spent our time in the years following the Armistice by building monuments to our glorious dead with the glittering words on them: "Lest we forget."

If anybody in those days had talked about the next war he would have been regarded as a lunatic. And yet in the short space of a few years the war clouds are hanging perilously over us again. What fools we mortals are!

Now let us turn to the two specific problems submitted to me. Take the first one. I can quite understand the feelings of that man. Naturally he does not want others, particularly his own

Human Documents

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted

by Philip Inman



There is not always justification for dreading the coming of a new day. Most of the troubles one anticipates never happen

flesh and blood, to suffer as he has done. But holding those views, he should never have married a woman who wanted children. It is grossly unfair to his wife.

I presume the wedding took place in a church. Let me urge him to read through once again the marriage service. There he will see what the union between a man and a woman involves.

I am hopeful that even now he can be induced to change his mind. It seems to me that the future happiness of his home depends upon his doing so. Nothing can take the place of a child to a woman who is made for motherhood.

But children, just because they bring with them a great joy, also carry a great responsibility. Every parent knows what that means. From the cradle onwards, danger is never far away. There is the menace to health and even life itself from illnesses of every kind. There is the risk of accident.

BUT wise parents do not worry unduly about these things. They live in the present—a day at a time. They are unlike those people "who can't enjoy a rose because of the thorn," who can't "enjoy a holiday because of the thought that next week they will have to go back to work."

There may come another war—this man may have sons who may be called upon to fight in it. But these things are just part and parcel of the risks of existence.

And most parents will agree that the risk is well worth taking.

Let me quote from the will of a mother published in the newspapers a little while ago. It said: "I give all I have to my children and I should like

to thank them all for the great joy and happiness they have given to me."

That is one of the privileges of parenthood. I hope it is one that my correspondent and her husband will enjoy.

And so to my second correspondent. I take it that he is a settled work in the place where he proposes to build his bungalow. If that is so, then I advise him to go ahead with the plans of the building.

If there is another war, which God forbid, of course he may be called up, but the contingency may never arise. In any case, let him enjoy while he can a little place of his own. That is due to him as well as to his wife and family.

And let him remember that, if he builds a suitable place, it is always an investment. And from his standpoint it would be better to use his money in this way than to leave it in War Loan.

And here is another reader, who, for different reasons from those already quoted, is anxious to know what the future holds for her. To ascertain this she has indulged in one of the popular practices of these days:

"I should like to have your views on foretelling the future by means of astrology. I bought a horoscope some months ago, and it said that this year would be a most successful one for me.

"Of course, only a portion of the year has gone, but up to the present, while I have had little bad luck, I have had no astonishingly good luck.

"It also says that on a definite date I shall lose an elderly friend and suffer from blood poisoning.

"There is an old saying, 'The future will look after itself,' and possibly I imagine too much. Instead of living for the present, but I get most morbid and altogether unbalanced when I think I am going to lose any of my friends.

"I also read the 'Weekly Horoscope' in the various Sunday papers, and it ought to say that on a certain day I must be cautious, I get so worked up that I am nothing but a bundle of nerves and seem to do nothing right all day."

MY correspondent has the best advice in her own keeping. "Let the future look after itself." I am not saying there is not anything in horoscopes and the like. But I am an agnostic in these matters—I simply don't know.

My correspondent should not dabble in these things. Apart from everything else, her temperament is obviously unsuitable for the study of the occult.

The best advice I can give to all who are concerned about the future is that: "Be not anxious for to-morrow." Remember the truth of the saying: "I have had many troubles, most of which have never happened."

A £5,000 THOUGHT

"Give us a field to play in!" That is the cry of thousands of children in Great Britain. The *Daily Herald* is offering £5,000 for a slogan of not more than twelve words that will best help and advertise the great movement, which is helping to provide playing fields for children.

There is also a second prize of £200 and a third of £100 and no fewer than 100 special awards. Entry forms appear in the *Daily Herald* daily.

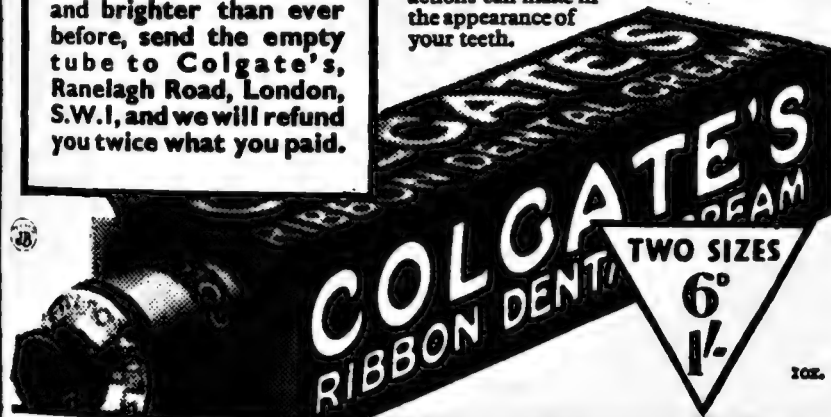
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The Brain NEXT to Man's

"FIND the sheep!"

In Stanley Park, Blackpool, next Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, hundreds of pairs of eyes will be focused on one dog in particular as the words are spoken by the owner, gently, and without a gesture of arm or nod of head. For that dog is the black and white four-year-old beauty Roy, that last year at Cardiff won the international championship for intelligence in the sheep-dog trials.

From every part of Great Britain shepherds and their dogs have entered for the Blue Riband of the Hills. The national trials of England, Scotland and Wales took place in August, and the pick of these are gathered at Blackpool this year in the greatest test of dog intelligence that has ever been staged.

Flock—or mob

"There is no good flock without a good shepherd, and there is no good shepherd without a good dog," says the motto of the French Shepherds' Club; and it might be added that without a good dog there would be no flocks at all but a mere mob.

During the three days of these "trials" of sheep-dogs organised by the International Sheep-Dog Society there are various classes for both single tests and for dogs working as pairs.

The total cash prizes are not large as prizes go—a matter of £350—but there are three shields, four cups, five pieces of silver plate, and four Blue Ribands in the international meeting that are of greater value in the eyes of sheep-dog owners than any cash.

From nine o'clock in the morning the dogs are on trial. About 400 yards away a number of sheep are placed—usually about five. The owner of the competing dog gives his order. There is no shouting, no waving of sticks, no dramatic sign at all. Just the conversational order, without, in many cases, even a glance at the dog.

Off goes the dog to round up the sheep, hardly a bark, never a growl. Across the park he or she brings the small flock, heads them through a gateway, guides them over a triangular course with two more gates, and finishes by bringing them to a certain spot, all present and correct.

But that is only the beginning of the test. The next part is impressive to a degree. The competing dog is told to single out unmarked sheep within a circle of twenty yards, and after bringing the flock together again inside a six-foot pen, singles out one of two marked sheep!

Wonder dog

In the doubles competitions the procedure is similar, except that two dogs work together, and the flock is shepherded into two small V-shaped pens.

Two dogs on which high hopes are placed and which will be watched even long after these trials are past, are Rock and Vim, owned by Mr. J. D. Macpherson, of Aberdeen.

During their competitions recently held at Helensburgh it was remarked by critics that these dogs worked with a perfect understanding; better, as one critic said, than any two men!

They won for their owner the distinction of being the first holder of the Challenge Jubilee Trophy presented by the merchants of Helensburgh.

And what of Roy, the wonder dog?



Sheep-dog trials demonstrate the apex of trust and companionship between an animal and his master

daily, in the morning and in the evenings. Nothing fancy goes into these dogs' dishes. Hard feeding and plenty of work with the sheep.

Even then, when Roy was young he was sullen. He took distemper and hovered between life and death for days; but he was tended and cured of that. Still, even when he recovered he took little interest in sheep. He didn't want to be bothered. Many a man would have said him; but his owner remem-

bered his parents and knew the instinct to herd sheep must be there. It is this instinct that sheep-dog owners look for, the hidden something that shows in their eyes and makes them cock their ears.

A quarrel

So back again went Roy to the "school" of learning his owner's whistles and voice. Not much enthusiasm. But he had a half-brother, a dog named Jix. Nobody knows the reason, but these two started a quarrel. It may have been that Jix taunted Roy on his laziness. They had it out in a fine combat, in which Roy got the worst. He was only a pup then, but from his recovery from that fight he became a new dog!

He saw his father, Craig, handling sheep. He took up the challenge and competed with his pa. He went from triumph to triumph. His mother had given him good looks. He still has them.

He will come to a stranger who is talking to his owner, and shove his nose into the stranger's hand. He is saying, "Hullo, how'do do!" But let the familiar voice speak to order—even at the thick of a conversation—and away goes Roy for miles up the big hills and in time he is seen bringing in the sheep that are wanted!

Strong link

Big offers have been made for him, but so far they have been turned down; not because they are not big enough, but just because there has happened in the case of Roy what often happens with sheep-dogs and their masters. That link, call it telepathy, sympathy, mysticism, what you will, is too strong to be broken by cash.

One tells the story of Roy and the nameless dog above-mentioned because they show to all dog owners the way to get the best from a dog and the way to expect the worst.

And these sheep dog trials demonstrate the apex of trust and companionship that is possible between an animal and his boss.

The brain next to man's in intelligence is there, and the shepherds of Great Britain provide the lesson in developing it.

He belongs to Mr. J. M. Wilson, Whitehope, Innerleithen, Peebles-shire. He, too, was at the Helensburgh trials; but something troubled his mind that day. He was inclined to be sulky; he was slow at the gather; he obtained only 90 points out of a possible 100. He was beaten by his half-sister Nell!

This was all the more unexpected because as a rule nothing puts Roy off his work. Even if a gunshot is heard during a trial he never blinks an eye nor flicks an ear.

He is dumb to the outside world; his brain is concentrated on the sheep and his job to such an extent that he seems to be a moving automaton.

Great patience

Like other sheep-dogs, his intelligence is almost uncanny. He came of a worthy pair of parents. His mother, Loos, took practically every prize she could take.

His father, Craig, was a Blue Riband winner in 1930. And yet, in his early days, Roy might have been given up by some owners as useless. But these men who own the sheep-dogs and train them have patience, the patience of the hills and the long sympathy of the years of intimate knowledge.

To strike one of these dogs is to break him for good. They are trained by patience, by repeated soft-spoken orders, by companionship that has in it something akin to telepathy or mysticism. An instance of this was the dog which a shepherd bought to train. He was a good dog, intelligent, willing, but at a crisis he lost his head; wandered, eager but unable to understand; whining a little to himself pitifully; then becoming bewildered and utterly rattled; crouching in despair at his own fogginess.

The shepherd tried him again and again, petted him, spoke to him, encouraged him; but it was always the same, and then investigation began. They revealed the truth. Somebody, somewhere, had lost his temper and had struck the dog. It had remembered that blow and the cruelty of it had numbed him for ever.

But Roy, the champion of 1934, was never struck. Mr. Wilson, who has reared many sheep-dogs, never raises his hand to his dogs. He feeds Roy as he feeds others on porridge and milk twice

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Those who radiate sunny health are the people who get on—both in business and socially. You shouldn't look and act as though all the worries of the world were on your shoulders. Usually it is common constipation that makes people dull and dispirited.

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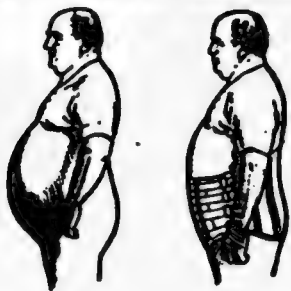
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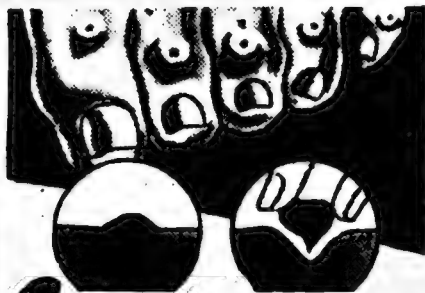
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£5 per Month—

EVERYONE is wondering whether the inhabitants of the Canadian Province, Alberta, will, as the result of their recent election, get £5 per month per adult citizen, male and female, rich and poor, owner and worker—the promise upon which the election was won.

And everyone is wondering how it will be done and what is this Social Credit theory and what sort of man is it from whose brain it blossomed.

In Alberta the man who has promised to perform the task is Mr. William Aberhart, schoolmaster, farmer, evangelist and prohibitionist. It was Mr. Aberhart's oratory, in which interpretations of Holy Scripture were mingled with expositions of economic theory, which sealed the success of his Party's electoral campaign.

Where, the leaders of the rival parties had asked, was the money coming from? £5 for every adult citizen, they calculated, would cost £24,000,000 a year—a vast sum of money for a poor farming province. Who was going to provide the cash and how?

"Easy," he says

Mr. Aberhart had his answer ready. He was going to create the money to pay a basic dividend of £5 a month to everybody. And there was no difficulty about that. For Mr. Aberhart was a disciple, though an unorthodox disciple, of the already sufficiently unorthodox Major Douglas, the celebrated founder or inventor or discoverer—it is hard to find the right word—of the general theory of Social Credit.

Clifford Hugh Douglas, M.I.Mech.E., is to-day known to the whole world. In a night he has become an object of interest not only to disciples and critics—whose quarrels and disputes have for years disturbed the peace of economic classrooms—but to the man in the street.

What sort of a man is this twentieth-century miracle worker? His friends swear by him, his critics swear furiously at him, and he dwells in an Olympian calm, conscious of his rectitude and impervious to attack.

A consulting engineer by profession, he became an economist after the war by process of inner need. He could not abide waste, and he saw waste of technical skill, of scientific endeavour, on every side. He was appalled at the existence of poverty when productive capacity was advancing by leaps and bounds. He got interested in the money system when he acted for the Air Ministry during the war. He sat down and began to write.

With the depression came a flocking of adherents to Social Credit. Peers, like Lord Tavistock, journalists like Will Dyson, ecclesiastics like Dean Hewlett Johnston, wrote and spoke of the new evangel. An organisation for propaganda sprang up and the gospel took root in Australia, where a Social Credit Party fought elections and was defeated, in New Zealand, in Canada.

In Britain, young men and women took to wearing a green uniform, embellished, by Major Douglas' permission, with the Douglas tartan. The Green-shirts were formed and became part of every procession or demonstration in London, no matter who arranged it, called to protest against Poverty.

For over fifteen years Major Douglas has been writing, lecturing, quarrelling. He looks like a gentleman farmer; he is a pugnacious fellow, whose opinion of his critics is unprintable. He has a supreme confidence in his own views, and, what is worse, a supreme belief in his powers of exposition. Talk to him and he doesn't argue. He states. Question him and he regards you as an untutored, and, often, untutored, dweller in the back-woods.

Professional economists he detests, and Marx is as a red rag to a bull. He is no Socialist. He believes in private enterprise. But he has no use for the bankers. They are the wicked people, for it is they who have prevented the



British Greenshirts, adherents of Major Douglas, outside Downing Street, waiting to present a proposal on their financial theory to the Prime Minister

—perhaps!

engineers, like himself, the technicians, the scientists, from scattering plenty over the earth.

Why does he scarify bankers and all dealers in money? Let us try to explain. It is not easy, for when Major Douglas comes out of the realms of broad analysis—a realm which others have explored with like result—he is apt to grow elusive.

Making it up

His theory is based on the broad assumption that there is always, under the existing financial system, a "deficiency" of purchasing power. People have not enough money to buy the goods that are for sale. What is the cause of this chronic deficiency?

It is, according to Major Douglas, that only a part of the money involved in the cost of production of commodities reaches the potential consumer in the form of wages or dividends—that is, of actual purchasing power.

In other words, the consumer cannot buy all that is produced because the amount of money in circulation is always less than the total value of the commodities for sale. Hence under-consumption and all the attendant evils of the present system.

This part of the theory is emphasised in the famous "A and B theorem," which has caused economists to spend sleepless nights and to tear their hair in bewilderment.

What is the cure for this chronic lack of money? What is necessary, Major Douglas declares, is the creation of a sufficient volume of credit—a form of money—to cover the deficiency, such credit to be distributed gratis among the population as a National Dividend, the extent of which can be mathematically discovered by establishing a proper pricing system.

Goods must be reduced in price to a figure below cost, for into costs enters

all payments for raw materials, bank charges and so forth, and these payments do not enter into circulation. It is a kind of subsidy paid by the issue of bank credit.

Now, as an economic theory Social Credit has been exploded times without number by every variety of professional economist. Its heart, needless to say, is in the right place, but unfortunately practical economics make few demands upon the heart and many upon the head. Does that mean that Social Credit has no real significance in the world we live in?

Surely the persistence of the theory in the face of so much discouragement is evidence to the contrary, while an astonishing victory at the polls in Alberta is proof positive that the theory answers some sort of psychological need at the present day.

It promises, of course, something for nothing—and that is seldom wanting in effectiveness. But it also illustrates the conviction of many thousands of ordinary men and women not well versed in economic problems that our existing economic arrangements sometimes seem those of a lunatic order of society.

His chance

Anyhow, the Alberta Legislature meets this week. Mr. Aberhart will have his chance. He will labour under disadvantages, for, in the first place, Major Douglas and Mr. Aberhart, in the manner of prophets, disagree on some vital issues. And, in the second place, the Douglas Theory cannot be tested in ideal conditions, since Alberta has not the power to issue legal currency, this being the privilege of the Bank of Canada.

Still, the first Social Credit Government in the world has come into existence. As for £5 per month more for everybody—we shall see.

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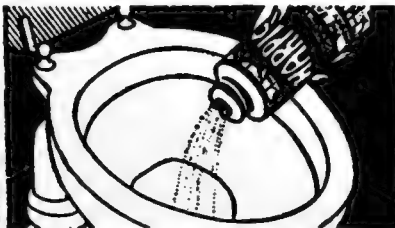


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ON Wednesday next, on the Town Moor, Doncaster, the Aga Khan's unbeaten racehorse Bahram, already winner of the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby, will attempt to win the St. Leger — so gaining racing's triple crown and also preserving its record as "the unbeaten horse."

The first feat has not been performed since Rock Sand did it thirty-two years ago.

But Bahram, in addition, stands unbeaten in all his races so far. And perhaps the greatest interest will centre in his preservation of this record, for "unbeaten horses" are few and far between in Turf annals.

Unbeaten. There is one name that at once flies to the mind of every racing enthusiast with a long memory at the mention of that word. You will find it beneath pictures of a sleek-looking horse — nearly always with the great Fred Archer in the saddle — that is displayed wherever sporting prints are to be found.

Ormonde was its name. That was a name on everybody's lips just fifty years ago, when he won three races as a two-year-old, ten as a three-year-old, and three as a four-year-old, sixteen firsts out of sixteen races — the Two Thousand Guineas, the Derby and the St. Leger among them — before being shipped off to San Francisco. Even if Bahram is able to add the St. Leger to his laurels, he is not likely, if his racing career is continued, to take equal rank with that great winner of the triple crown.

Ormonde's contemporaries, it must be remembered, were exceptional horses. Minting, whose trainer, Matt Dawson, believed him to be the greatest horse ever foaled, was only one outstanding mount of many.

BUT Ormonde trounced him at their first meeting — an event so unexpected and distressing to Dawson that he went home to bed and did not emerge again for a week.

Another unbeaten horse that comes to mind was The Tetrarch, whose name was once in everybody's mouth, but who died a few weeks ago, a shapeless old horse of twenty-four.

Racing only as a two-year-old, The Tetrarch won every race, and in dazzling fashion, too. But the dazzling achievement and devastating speed that will make his name imperishable in the annals of racing marked him down too emphatically as a great bloodstock bargain for the stud, which the success of his many successors well proves him to have been.

And so he will remain a name in racing — an unbeaten name, although if he had gone on another season, who knows?

There have been many unbeaten racehorses of a kind in the history of racing, but rarely have they been famous animals. For the most part they have been unknowns, entered for one or two small races, then retired through injuries or sold for some other purpose than actually carrying their owners' colours from the starting point.

Far more important than those are the horses with striking unbeaten records up to a point, but which have met defeat in the end because, unlike The Tetrarch, they did not get out of the game early.

SUCH a horse was Colombo. If he had retired just before the Derby of 1934 his record would have been one of two successes in two races that year and seven firsts out of seven races the previous year.

But it will be remembered how he then ran third to Windsor Lad and Easton in that Derby, dashing the hopes of those who saw in him another Ormonde. In the same connection the famous Pretty Polly springs to the mind. She was unbeaten in nine races out of nine in 1903, won all seven races in 1904 and all four in 1905, and then, continuing her successes into yet another season, lost to Bachelor's Button in the Ascot Gold Cup in a vain effort to accomplish the hat-trick, having won that race twice before. Pretty Polly at last disappeared from

Will Bahram Do It?

Bahram, unbeaten so far. Will he become an immortal?



the course for ever. If she had done so one race earlier, her unbeaten career on the English Turf in the number of races, if not in the importance of them, would have surpassed that of Ormonde of illustrious memory — that is, if we turn a blind eye to one defeat on a French racecourse when Pretty Polly was very young.

But set against that the fact that she was never intended to run in that fatal last race. She was not well. And it was only because the Ascot crowd clamoured for her to appear that she did — to spoil a fine record for the English Turf by a narrow margin.

The famous horses that might have had unbeaten records but just failed through only one or two lapses have been many.

Just think of some of the winners of several of our five classic races, the Derby, the St. Leger, the Oaks, the Two Thousand Guineas, and the One Thousand Guineas. Remember that only fillies can win all five. The Oaks and the One Thousand Guineas are closed to colts.

WELL, no horse has won all five, but one has won four. Sceptre was that horse. The Derby was the only classic race she never won.

One has to go back to 1868 to find a record in the classics that almost beats her performance. Formosa won the One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks and the St. Leger outright, but only managed to dead-heat in the Two Thousand Guineas.

All these triple crown winners might have been unbeaten horses if form were a static thing, which it is not, and they were allowed to give up actual racing in time while their successes were still fresh upon them.

There have been such unaccountable things to spoil their records. Take just one instance of a triple crown winner's failure, that of Flying Fox.

His unhappy defeat as a two-year-old began the change in racing style of jockeys from the upright seat to the crouch of to-day. Running into the teeth of a gale at Newmarket, Flying Fox, ridden by Mornington Cannon with the posture of a Lifeguardsman, was beaten by Calman, upon whom Tod Sloan lay almost flat with his head between the ears of the horse.

Other great names roll back over the years to the memory of racing enthusiasts.

From as far back as 1893 comes the

name of Isinglass, winner of the triple crown, and a wonderful colt. From 1899 the name of Galtee More. He, too, won the three classics that matter most, and had a wonderful run of wins before tasting defeat for the first time when he was a three-year-old.

Rock Sand, whom we have mentioned before as the last horse to win the triple crown, thirty-two years ago: Diamond Jubilee, King Edward VII's horse, which did it only three years before — more great names, whether they preserved their unbeaten records or not. For these horses had unbeatable stuff in them, when the stars are in their courses.

But racing was always racing, uncertain, fickle. So who dare say what Town Moor, Doncaster, holds for Bahram on Wednesday?

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour in the current Press are welcomed. Actual copies must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side Slips."

SOUTH WALES ARGUS:—"The choir won the first prize in the chet MADE voice competition."

STAR:—"A vegetable meat foot is suspected."

THE EVENING TIMES:—"He formed the opinion that accused had been trying to make a fool of the police..."

MIDLAND DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"The man drove straight at him and he had to jump out of the way."

SUNDERLAND ECHO:—"Mr. — immediately dived 50 ft. from the neck of his vessel into the water."

BRADFORD TELEGRAPH AND ARGUS:—"The bride was attired in a gown of silver brocade worn on to a deep crimson background."

THE NOTTINGHAM EVENING POST:—"Special displays by the — band."

NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH:—"Blackburn fire brigade was called to a fire in a wooden shed, used as a stable and for storing sleds."

THE EVENING TIMES:—"The officials of the — Corporation are presenting a gold chin for the use of the Mayors."

PORTSMOUTH EVENING NEWS:—"He was stated to have been sooting rabbits in a garden."

DAILY MAIL:—"The United States required one rubber mare for the match."

THE ADVERTISER:—"J — has such a car on one of the fingers of his right hand."

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right."—"Health and Strength," Feb. 1935.
"There is, however, a way to banish
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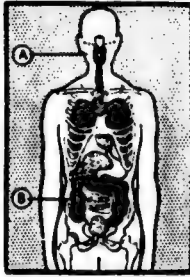
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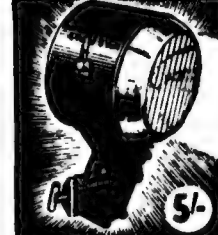
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Here is a wonderful Tonic which makes a real man or woman of you; worn nerves full of vim; gloomy thoughts gone; faith strengthens you, hope cheers you, life is worth living again! It is the World's Best Tonic for heart, nerves, stomach and kidneys—"FOX NUTS" (the "Blue Lion" kind)—it prevents palpitation, faintness, heart failure, tremblings, run-down condition, stops your falling-to-pieces feeling. Don't imagine yourself into an illness; have a good rest, take this tonic and be normal in a few days. Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 632. Prices: 1/6 (50), 2/6 (75), 4/6 (144), 13/- (432).

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Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.
(Dept. J.B. 36), 48, KING WILLIAM STREET,
LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

FIXED PRICE FOOTBALL

In addition to FIXED PRICES for
SIX LEAGUES—NOTHING BARRED
the CHALLENGER Lists include a
LONG ODDS LIST
OFFERING

10,000 to 1
FOR 20 RESULTS

7,000 to 1 | **5,000 to 1**
for 10 results | for 15 results

No division of odds however many winners.

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**ST. LEGER,
CESAREWITCH**

CAMBRIDGESHIRE
EVERY HORSE QUOTED

Daily Commotions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race in accordance with rules will be on at Full Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

Please send your Weekly Lists. I am over 21.

Name

Address

Town

DAVID COPE
ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD.
15, BATH STREET GLASGOW

Person I Envy Most

HE'S a gamekeeper, and I envy him for the vast stock of Nature lore he possesses. A walk in the country with him is a revelation; he knows more about the habits of the denizens of the woods and fields than could ever be catalogued, and seems to be in spiritual harmony with all of Nature's creatures and manifestations.

He is an integral part of the countryside, untouched by Progress, and his very demeanour makes one think, not of a future bright with endeavour, but of a simple, kindly past in which, maybe, nothing much was attempted, and nothing much was done.—E. S. Mytchett.

Father

Though twice my age, his back is straighter, his outlook is clearer, he's more vigorous consequent of a lifetime's simple living, straight dealing, and a natural flair for seeing the humorous side of things.

His religion is to pay his way, raise flowers, and think the best of everybody. He sleeps well, for there's no skeleton to cause nightmare; each day is welcomed, for he's ever busy doing little things for those he loves.

And though he is only a retired plumber, I'd gladly exchange my managerial chair for his peace of mind. He's my happy old dad.—R. H., Edinburgh.

Just Like Dad!

The person I envy most is my small nephew, aged ten. His outlook on life is wonderful. Disillusion has not touched his horizon; life is just a great adventure; there are so many marvellous things to do.

Mum and Dad are great ideals to copy, school is a vast treasure-house of surprises to be enjoyed with chums and teacher. A week's holiday with Auntie, and then a new term and—"long uns," just like Dad.—E. W., S.E.15.

Are We?

The man occupying the bed in the corner of the ward; I envy his pluck. His case is hopeless, just a matter of time before the end comes. Yet every time I pass him I am rewarded with that courageous smile of his.

Bravery has been described in many ways, and I feel that this particular type can be described as British to the core.

Are we all as brave?—Mrs. M. F., Liverpool.



Another Milestone

My son! He is young, virile, active, intelligent.

He begins life in a new age, with new responsibilities, new opportunities.

He can profit by my mistakes; make for himself stepping-stones from my failures.

Moreover, he will, I believe, live through an age more wonderful even than my own; an age in which the secrets of life and death may be revealed, tremendous hidden natural forces found and harnessed to great ends, and humanity reaching another milestone on the road to human brotherhood.—W. N., Carshalton.

No Worries

He is quite an ordinary young fellow—a junior bookkeeper. He hasn't any worries, his work isn't difficult, and at 5.30 each evening he can close his books and go home.

Once I did his work. Now I am head

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches Played on September 7

FIRST DIVISION.

- (1) PRESTON v. Middlesbrough.
- (2) WEDNESDAY v. Wolverhampton.
- (3) SUNDERLAND v. Manchester C.
- (4) W.B. ALBION v. Stoke.
- (5) Birmingham v. ARSENAL.
- (6) BRENTFORD v. Huddersfield.
- (7) DERBY v. Bolton.
- (8) GRIMSBY v. Chelsea.
- (9) Leeds v. Blackburn.
- (10) LIVERPOOL v. Everton.
- (11) PORTSMOUTH v. Aston Villa.

SECOND DIVISION.

- (1) PORT VALE v. Plymouth.
- (2) SWANSEA v. Norwich.
- (3) Hotsur v. NEWCASTLE.
- (4) WEST HAM v. Forest.
- (5) BRADFORD v. Sheffield U.
- (6) BURNLEY v. Hull.
- (7) Bury v. BLACKPOOL.
- (8) Doncaster v. Charlton.
- (9) FULHAM v. Barnsley.
- (10) LEICESTER v. Southampton.
- (11) MANCHESTER U. v. Bradford C.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

- (1) Millwall v. Watford.
- (2) NOTTS COUNTY v. Orient.
- (3) SWINDON v. Exeter.
- (4) TORQUAY v. Q.P. Rangers.
- (5) ALDERSHOT v. Brighton.
- (6) Boscombe v. NORTHAMPTON.
- (7) BRISTOL C. v. Bristol R.
- (8) Cardiff v. READING.
- (9) COVENTRY v. Newport.
- (10) Gillingham v. C. Palace.
- (11) LUTON v. Southend.

NORTHERN SECTION.

- (1) Southport v. LINCOLN.
- (2) STOCKPORT v. Barrow.
- (3) TRANMERE v. Walsall.
- (4) WREXHAM v. Chester.
- (5) ACCRINGTON v. Rochdale.
- (6) CHESTERFIELD v. N. Brighton.
- (7) Crewe v. York.
- (8) DARLINGTON v. Hartlepool.
- (9) OATESHEAD v. Carlisle.
- (10) HALIFAX v. Mansfield.
- (11) Oldham v. Rotherham.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

- (1) Queen of South v. CELTIC.
- (2) RANGERS v. Airdrie.
- (3) ST. JOHNSTONE v. Dundee.
- (4) ABERDEEN v. Ayr.
- (5) ALBION v. Third Lanark.
- (6) Clyde v. Motherwell.
- (7) HAMILTON v. Partick.
- (8) HEARTS v. Arbroath.
- (9) KILMARNOCK v. Dunfermline.
- (10) QUEEN'S PARK v. Hibernian.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute *JOHN BULL* selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example: Code: "Div. I—S (X)" Div. II—4 (H); Southern Section—11 (H); Northern Section—10 (H); Scottish League—8 (H) would indicate Arsenal, West Ham, Luton, Halifax and Hearts.

of the firm, and often busy until long past midnight, working out new plans. Indeed, several times I have been threatened with a nervous breakdown on account of overwork and worry. I often wish I hadn't been so ambitious in the past.—"Employer," London.

Other View

That man up there knows nothing of my thirty-inch seam, nor the sweat and fume necessary to win bread from the coal-face.

He has wings. I, for circumstances compel, must often crawl as does the lowly worm.

Each man to his hazards, but often, as I see the 'plane soaring over the shaft I must descend, I wish I were the pilot, so that, having seen England beneath the surface so often, I might view its green fields and lovely villages from above.—"Dryad," Lancs.

An Easy Life

His taxes are paid for him. His board and lodging are provided and prepared without any effort on his part. His amusements cost him nothing, and if he likes to spend the whole day in bed or asleep in the garden, he can do so without comment.

Unless he commits an act of robbery or violence the law has no terror for him—and even then his fine is paid for him.

So the "person" I envy most is—my dog.—G. M., Kingsthorpe.

Greatest Thrill

The person I envy most walks up to the grand stand at Wembley Stadium each year and receives the F.A. Cup from the hands of one of the Royal Family.

The reason I envy him is because the privilege, which is allowed to only one person each year, doubtless supplies him with the greatest and most certainly the happiest thrill of his life.—E. R., Mickleover.

"Smiler"

The man who can meet all the difficulties of life with a smile and a calm determination to overcome them is the person whom I, a rather sensitive pessimist, envy most.

Like many other persons, I am inclined to become chicken-hearted when confronted with the inevitable hardships of existence.

I seem to resent the presence of boulders in my path to success. Consequently I complain more than I should.

Try as I might, I cannot alter this petty attitude to life. That is why I envy from the bottom of my heart the man who can smile in the face of all difficulties.—G. G., Glasgow.

Not Half

I envy the respect and, yes, the love that is his from all shades of public opinion.

Yet I am not jealous, for I know that his kindness and deep love of his fellow-men have inspired all the affection he receives.

Mr. George Lansbury. Who does not envy the esteem in which he is held? I too, love my fellow-men, but I could never devote half of which he has given.

And realising this I am filled with envy of his position.—R. L., Sheffield.

The person who has good health, a clear conscience and enough money to live comfortably, with perhaps a little to help the needy.

That is the person I envy most.—R. E., Warrington.

For over forty years I have had to diet myself, and for that reason I envy the man who can eat anything and suffer no ill effect.—J. H., Lancashire.

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., by first post Tuesday, September 10.

My Holiday Disappointment

It wasn't just INDIGESTION but my GASTRIC NERVE CAUSING NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA



YOUR GASTRIC NERVES

This anatomical diagram shows only a few of the Gastric Nerves which surround the stomach. When these Nerves become impoverished, symptoms of Nervous Dyspepsia result causing Flatulence, Distension, Acidity.



Read This Letter!

"I used to be afraid to eat, for I knew the terrible pain I would have after. I had no appetite, and began to lose weight. I got weak and listless, with no interest in life. A dozen different remedies did not do me any good. I was on the brink of complete breakdown when luckily a friend showed me your picture of the Gastric Nerve. I realised my trouble was really Nervous Indigestion, and decided to try a course of Dr. Cassells Tablets. I cannot express how amazed and thankful I am at the results. Within a week my pains had gone and my appetite returned. Meals became a pleasure. Steadily I became more fit and strong, and now I am overflowing with energy with not an ache or pain in my body. After my experience I am certain that everyone who suffers as I did would benefit from your wonderful health restorers."

Mrs. R. A. R., of Sutton.

PAIN GONE! APPETITE RESTORED! No longer 'AFRAID TO EAT'

You can't afford to make the same mistakes as Mrs. R. But you can profit by her experience! She bore agonising spasms in the region of her stomach. Every meal provoked attacks of increasing severity. She failed to find help in a dozen different remedies, all because she did not know the real cause of her trouble. It was only

when good fortune brought her the truth that she found the real remedy. She started to take Dr. Cassells Tablets. The Nerve Foods in Dr. Cassells nourished her Gastric Nerve, the nerve which controls digestion. Her complete story is printed here for you to read.

For HEAD PAINS, NEURITIS, SLEEPLESSNESS,

**NEURALGIA, SCIATICA,
BACK-ACHE, DIZZINESS,
DEPRESSION, ANAEMIA,
AND NERVOUS BREAKDOWN**

FAIR-PLAY OFFER!

Get a 1/3 box from your Chemist. Save the Carton. If not entirely satisfied, send it to the Veno Drug Co., Ltd., Manchester, 16, and your money will be returned.

Sold everywhere 6d., 1/3, 5/-, & 8/-

**ALL THE
NERVEFOODS
BLOOD
ENRICHERS
AND
DIGESTIVES
YOU NEED!**

SACCHAR. CEREVIS.

Vitamin content promotes the development of tissues and nerves, and improves general health.

KOLAE SEMINA

Possesses powerful tonic properties. Relieves pain at once. Acts as a cerebral stimulant; clears the brain, banishes depression.

SALICIN et PEPsin

Salicin increases the flow of saliva and improves appetite; Pepsin increases the digestive power of the Gastric juices.

SOD. PHENOL-p-SULPH.

This ingredient keeps the entire digestive and intestinal tract clean and purifies the blood.

IRON GLYCEROPHOS.

Improves nerve nutrition. Invaluable for the treatment of Chlorosis and other forms of Anaemia.

CALCIUM HYPOPHOS.

Assists in general nutrition. Helps to neutralise excess stomach acids.

MAN. et MAG. H. PHOS.

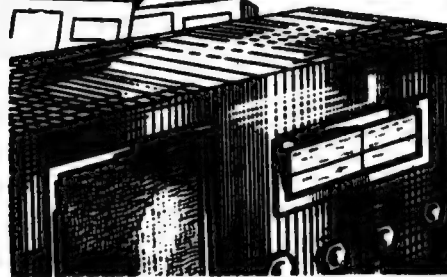
The first of these two ingredients is a powerful nerve stimulant; the second an antacid and laxative.

CALCIUM PHOSPHATE

Essential to healthy bone-building. Three-quarters of the mineral matter in your body is composed of this substance.

**TO-DAY! Start a Course of
DR. CASSELLS TABLETS**
BRAND
The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

Over 150 RADIO SETS...
ALREADY WON FOR SOLVING "JOHN BULL'S" X-WORD
.. NOW FOR YOURS!



SUPERB FERRANTI RADIO
£8.18.6
Suitable for either A.C. or D.C. electric current
PRESENTED WITH EACH PRIZE OF OVER £3

FINE PENSION and FORTUNE WAITING!
30 WEEKLY FOR LIFE..
and £500
OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £850 CASH

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
To each sender of solution containing one error more than Runners-up, we shall forward a Special Surprise award with £1 Bonus Offer.
TO BE POSTED WEDNESDAY SEPT. 25

£100
Between All Runners-up

YOUR second big opportunity in our great new series of giant Radio Offers comes to you this week in a contest headed by another splendid Pension-plus-Fortune First.

Study the fine prize-list above and you will see that, to whatever award over £3 you win, a splendid £8 18s. 6d. All-mains "Ferranti" Radio will be added. Whether you are a Runner-up or the outright winner of that 30s. Weekly Life Pension with £500 cash, the long nights ahead will be full of radio entertainment for you.

As you will see by Crossword No. 318 Result on page 18, our First Prize has been won outright yet again. Already more than 70 entrants have carried off the big reward intact and there is no reason why you should not score an outright success this week.

Tackle in a common-sense way the problems they present; as your solution grows upon one of the squares on this page you may be producing an entry which will bring you a thrilling First Prize telegram on Thursday, September 19.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of 30s. weekly and £500 in cash (or a lump sum of £850) for a correct Solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct Solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct Solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning Solution. An All-mains "Ferranti" Universal Radio Set will accompany each cash prize exceeding £3 in this contest. A Surprise Award, with £1 Bonus Offer, will be sent to each sender of a square containing one error more than Runners-up. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 19, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 26.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 319.

Winners in Crossword No. 318 appear in page 18. Winners in Crossword No. 319 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 319 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasize that no claims for prizes are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

STUDY THESE CLUES

- ACROSS**
1. Kenish nut and strong horse
 4. Auctioneer invites bids for
 7. Large monkeys found in grapes
 9. Little word meaning big fuss
 10. Hearing that's house isn't this
 13. Earnestly desire
 15. Ends potatoes and pies
 16. Precautions should be taken against this
 17. Butler becomes this in hot weather
 18. Look and yet only half look
 20. It brightens up a dull day's cricket
 21. They follow 'C'
 23. You begin to get angry here
 24. Discovered in middle of case
 26. You can't do this well in fading light
 27. What you do when moving in dark
 29. Cut off one end of leg
 30. What private calls officer
 32. Someone's asking for prison if entry's this
 34. They try to outdo one another
 36. Tells motorist to stop
 38. Had needs something to do this for him
 39. Putting off this shows man's character
- DOWN**
1. You can tell by the sound if this is happening quickly
 2. One's viewpoint on a subject
 3. Begin again
 4. Should be given fair chance to reform
 5. Remove fourth letter from odd
 6. Some of family man's money must be set aside for them
 8. Rashful
 11. At this time drinking is in full swing
 12. These need pulling up occasionally
 14. Time many offices open
 15. Gaffer should keep this on the hall
 16. Are usually discussed when stage star's interviewed
 19. Showing off in this may be unwise
 22. This may well slow you up
 23. A comfortable seat for two or more
 27. Broad smiles
 29. To keep seat at this needs experience
 29. Puffs compose these
 31. Reduce fire to wrath
 33. Are reversed to go here
 35. Avoid with vowels avoided
 37. Well apart in dark

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

- 1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying ink or copying ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE. For four squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it & Co.; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, September 12, 1935.
- 2.—In addition to two shilling entry forms from "John Bull" each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from "John Bull" plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Should any letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered or not given in ink, the corresponding letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's solution cannot be decided, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.
- 3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, September 26, 1935. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize, he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, October 8, 1935, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up prize of £100. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double searches establishing these winners is regarded as final. Errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.
- 4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest. Should first prize be shared £850 cash will be paid instead of the two-in-one award.
- 5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.
- 6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.
- 7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 321—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, SEPT. 12, 1935.



J.B. 321

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6D.

SIGNED

ADDRESS

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 321—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, SEPT. 12, 1935.



J.B. 321

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No.....
Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

SIGNED

ADDRESS

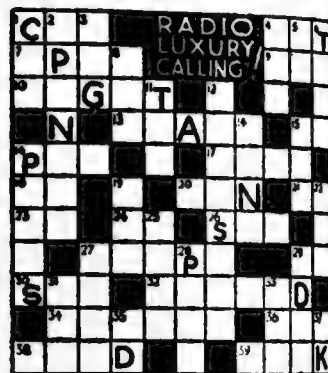
ADDRESS "John Bull" Crossword No. 321,
ENTRY
57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2. (Comp.)

Free Help for X-word Entrants.
Send Postcard for free copy of "John Bull's" Crossword Gazette. Address Gazette Dept., 30, Bedford Street, W.C.2. or reader for 6 weeks supply on Coupon on "Bulle's" page.

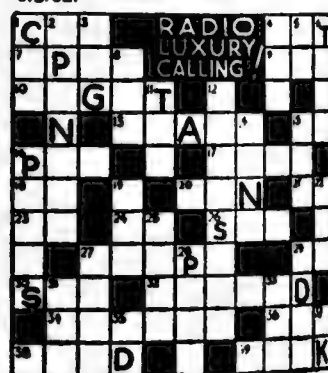
SATURDAY
ALAS
RIGH
ROMI
MANNER
NEEDS
CASH
DOOR
LIT
JURY
MURDER
GOT
SAR
NIXON
WATER

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.



J.B. 321



J.B. 321



J.B. 321



J.B. 321

NEWSAGENT'S PRIZE.
A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's First Prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull."

The Editor Laughs Last

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.



S. D. (Woolwich).—“The young man with a goal in front of him simply must score . . .”

W. P. P. (Bristol).—“You can always tell a foreman.” Yes, but not much.

E. L. (Taplow).—“I can't stand punting on the Thames.” And you certainly won't be able to do it sitting down.

W. J. (Margate).—“If I take a cure for sleeplessness, I wonder when it will take effect?” Just when it's time to get up.

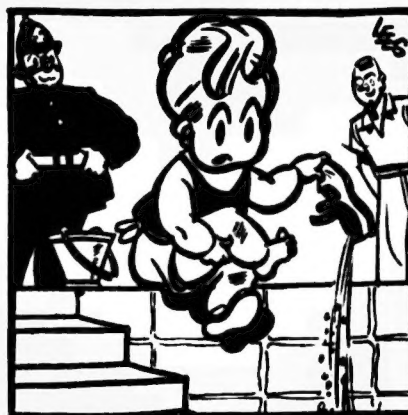
R. M. (Hull).—“For days I tried, unsuccessfully, to interview a successful runner.” You couldn't catch him.

ALLOTMENT-HOLDER (Mitcham).—“My runner-beans are growing like mad.” Right up the pole?

CRAWL (Worthing).—“He was a splendid swimmer, but fear of a seizure whilst in the water spoilt him.” Cramped his style, no doubt.

G. L. (Nottingham).—“I hear that one of the new cars comes to pieces before being garaged.” So do some of the old ones.

A. H. (Dunmow).—“A man has been fined for obstructing a tram by standing in front of it and reading.” Perhaps he was only trying to read between the lines.



THE KID

FRED M. (Leeds).—“Machines do away with labour.” Ever worked a lawn-mower?

CYCLIST (Woburn).—“I have another name for cobble-stones.” Wobble-stones?

HARRY (Blackpool).—“What beats a good military band?” A conductor usually.

L. H. (Bristol).—“The baking of the future will all be done by electricity.” Current bread.

BEGINNER (Reading).—“Should poetry be submitted to editors three months or three weeks before publication date?” No.

R. N. (Dunstable).—“There is one part of my garden in which I can't get the grass to grow.” We know—the lawn.

“COMMERCIAL” (Liverpool).—“The customer made the accusation that I had omitted to include an article he asked to be sent him.” And was it in order?

CAPTAIN (Worcester).—“After having the cup presented to us we poured the whole of a flagon of cider into it.” And then poured every drop out again?

P. M. (Basingstoke).—“Because I wouldn't give him all that he asked for as wages, he wouldn't carry on and finish the job.” He stopped short.

GREEN (Hatfield).—“What does it mean when lots of Bills pass through Parliament?” Probably that lots more bills are going to pass through your letter-box.

JOE (Crediton).—“An orator at the local hall spoke for over two hours the other evening, and still the audience wanted him to go on.” Was it raining outside?

T. M. (Macclesfield).—“I insisted that the local council should make a path to my house, and at length they gave in.” So you had your way.

PLATELAYER (Bury).—“I admit that I was in fault, but I object to being punished like a schoolchild.” Did you have so many lines to do?

VICAR (Portsmouth).—“Once, some mischievous boys climbed into the church tower and rang the bells.” Brats in the belfry.

CAREFUL (Shoreditch).—“A bookmaker makes a living because of the foolish mistakes of his clients.” He profits through the slips of others.

D. B. (Diss).—“My husband has been better tempered since I installed a green lamp in his study.” He now sees things in a different light?

G. K. (Eltham).—“While trimming a privet hedge which separates my garden from the one next door, I noticed that my neighbour was listening to my remarks.” Did you clip his ear?

TOM B. (Harwich).—“Last Saturday morning one of my tools fell on my foot, hurting it so badly that I had to forgo my game of cricket in the afternoon.” It must have been a wrench.

A. J. C. (Blackburn).—“I'm all ready for that Bullets 1,000th Contest.” You're just a week too soon. There's our 999th Contest on page 39 to enter for yet, with four big 2-in-1 prizes and 1,000 Surprise Awards to be won.

NERVY (Croydon).—“While my friends were shouting for me to take my seat in the aeroplane I was on the ground behind a tree pretending to be asleep.” You preferred to lie low.

A. M. (Blackmoor).—“I saw a man shape a pig out of orange peel; I tried to do the same, but after destroying, and strewing the table with the peel of a dozen oranges, I gave it up.” You made a litter anyhow.

DOLE (Birmingham).—“For many years I worked for contractors laying and re-laying tram rails, but with the advent of trolley buses I haven't had a decent job for years.” You are used to hard lines, anyhow.

PIETRO PIANO ACCORDIONS



Easy Terms Available
£23-3 to £15-15

An entirely new range of Pietro Piano Accordions is now available from all musical instrument dealers in the country. Pietro Piano Accordions have a world-wide reputation and are known for their quality of tone and beautiful pearl finish.

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To J. & A. MARGOLIN, 112, OLD ST., LONDON, E.C.1. Sole Wholesale Distributors.

Please send me, post free, coloured brochure of Pietro Piano Accordions.

Name
Address
J.B.N.1.
Patentees and manufacturers of the world-famous Plus-a-grain.

YOU TOO CAN BANISH RHEUMATISM

My patient has been taking URACE brand TABLETS as directed, and wishes me to say her Rheumatism has almost gone. She says they are like a tonic. F. R., District Nurse. Free sample from Newbery & Phillips, Ltd., 33m, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your Chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.

PILES can be Ended

There are thousands of men and women who suffer awful agony day and night because of pile trouble, who do not know that every chemist stocks a special remedy that does most surely and quickly banish the misery of this wretched trouble.

Make a confidant of your chemist. Ask him about Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy. He will tell you this is no ordinary ointment, but a soothing, healing, strengthening balm that at once stops the intense irritation and clears away internal, external, sore or bleeding piles.

The unique tube in which Man Zan is sold makes this preparation so easy and clean to use. The big size supply costs but 3/-, usually sufficient to clear away the most difficult case.

Remember the name of this special remedy for pile trouble—

ManZan

BRAND
PILE REMEDY

Take

Elasto

Regd.

and Be Rid of
LEG TROUBLE

*Turn to the Back Cover and fill in the Coupon for Free Sample and Booklet

STORM and FLOOD HAVOC

VIVID flashes of lightning, terrific storms—these have wrought havoc to homes throughout the land during the past week or so. In many areas families have been rendered homeless overnight.

And these dangers are not yet over! The next few weeks is the period of the year when Storm, Flood and Lightning are most prevalent. **ARE YOU SAFE-GUARDED?**

In many hundreds of cases, victims of the angry elements have been registered readers of JOHN BULL, and great was their relief when in their plight they remembered that they had signed Forms similar to those below, for JOHN BULL's great Free Family Insurance Gift.

JOHN BULL is the **ONLY** paper in the world to safeguard the home against Storm and Flood Damage, as well as Fire. Here is a recent letter from a registered reader, typical of many hundreds received:—

"I am writing to thank you for the cheque received. Words cannot express the deep gratitude we all feel to JOHN BULL for kindness and consideration shown with regard to claim for damage and loss by fire. It has lifted a load of anxiety from our minds, as we are now able to replace our home."

JOHN BULL, friend-in-need to every one of its readers, protects you and yours in numerous other ways. For instance, JOHN BULL is also the **ONLY** paper in the world to Pay Sickness Benefit, and to add a welcome 10 per cent. Bonus to every benefit paid to registered readers of over three months' standing. In addition, JOHN BULL pro-

Is your home safeguarded?

vides generous benefits for Accidents in the Home and Garden, on the Sports Field, while Boating and Bathing, Loss by Burglary, Children's Accidents, and other common everyday perils.

JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance Gift is supreme in the field of newspaper Free Insurance; it has no parallel. By filling up the forms below you obtain rock-like security for yourself, your home and your family.

Remember, the protection which JOHN BULL offers you under its comprehensive Insurance Scheme is yours for the asking. **SIGN FOR SAFETY TO-DAY.**

"John Bull"—the **ONLY** paper to pay Fire, Storm, Flood and Sickness Benefits.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your
Newsagent

To (Name of.....
Newsagent)

Address

Please deliver or reserve JOHN
BULL for me weekly until further
notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 7/9/35

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull" Registration Department,
128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent
for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL.
Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature.....

Age.....

Address.....

Name and Address.....
of Newsagent.

Date.....

Use 1d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A
certificate setting out the full benefits and
conditions and certifying registration will be
sent if 1d. stamped addressed envelope is
enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE
CLEARLY.** J.B. 7/9/35

JOHN BULL'S
GREAT
PEN...
OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/9, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27s, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

VALUE 3d

BUSY ON YOUR £620,000 GIFT BOOK

Preparing for the
1,000th "Bullets" Contest

PRINTERS are busy to-day on preparing the costliest 3s. 6d. book in the world, a volume written by contributors to whom JOHN BULL has paid over £620,000! And next week in these pages it will be offered **free** to "Bulletheers"!

It is a "Dictionary of Bullets," by far the finest guide to success ever published. This unique collection, carefully arranged in alphabetical order of subjects, contains every First Prize Bullet ever written and every Bullet printed during the past five years.

Collecting and classifying all these winners has been a giant task. But if you qualify as instructed for one of these unique Gift Books, to be featured in our Bullets 1,000th Contest Celebrations next week, you will agree that the labour has been well worth while.

Our 1,000th Prize-list

There were at least 1,000 ways in which we could have celebrated the record Bullets achievement of 1,000 consecutive contests—and most of them have been suggested by competitors during recent months!

To bring the greatest good to the greatest number—that is the policy behind the Colossal Offer which has been arranged. First, there will be a Monster 3-in-1 First of £6 Weekly for Life, £1,000 cash and a fully paid £1,000 Life Policy. Afterwards come 1,000 other cash prizes, none less than 10s. and ranging up to £200. A further 20,000 awards follow and these 21,001 prizes are crowned by our offer of Unlimited Free Gifts, the new 3s. 6d. "Dictionary of Bullets."

His Busy Day

"Some years ago," a reader recalls, "I had the pleasure of sailing on a number of voyages with Doctor W. A. Montgomery, medical officer aboard s.s. *Durham Castle*."

"On one occasion a wireless officer would have died of appendicitis had not the doctor decided on an immediate operation, which was a complete success."

Such is an unusual echo of the £3,250 victory won in Bullets Competition No. 990 by Doctor Montgomery, now retired



and living at No. 61, Riffel Road, Cricklewood.

"I well remember that day," the winner told us, commenting on this letter. "It was the night of the ship's Fancy Dress Ball, and I had already cut out two costumes before I cut out that appendix!"

Accountant Scores

Going over other people's accounts is the everyday job of Miss R. Latham, 4 Albert Road, Bexhill-on-Sea. Now she has had the pleasure of placing £50 to her own account in the bank.

This was her reward for the ingenious Bullet, WHEN THE PRINCE ARRIVED—"MADE ONE" OF US, which secured the Second Prize of £50 in our 994th Contest.

"You can imagine my surprise," said Miss Latham, "for my only previous award has been one Red Seal 'Target.'"

Hitting Back

"I've found that after midnight is my best time to concentrate on Bullets," declared Mr. E. H. Peck, 46, Lambick, Blackburn.

His wife, we gather, had definite views on this nocturnal hobby of his—and expressed them.

Now comes the sequel. Mr. Peck has just won £25 Third Prize in Competition No. 994 with a Bullet based on wives who find their husbands a problem. LOVE'S BIGGEST PROBLEM—TO WEEY. INSIGNIFICANT ME! And he entered it in the name of his wife...

Be in Time!

All three big winners mentioned on this page were keen readers of Bullets Bulletin, which they received free every Thursday from JOHN BULL.

By registering now for a supply of Bullets Bulletin, you will be sure of receiving the fine double issue which is to mark the occasion of Bullets 1,000th Contest.

Enclose your Registration coupon from the opposite page when entering your Bullets for this week's four 2-in-1 prizes and 11,045 other awards. This 999th contest closes on Saturday, September 14, so you must begin on your efforts at once.

RESULT of COMPETITION No. 995

First Prize—£600 Cash plus 100-mile Air Cruise for four.

F. W. BIRCH, 148, Heywood Road, Prestwich.

Example: SLUM KIDDIE

Bullet: DESERVES "MORE OF COUNTRY."

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

F. ELLIOTT, 13, Virginia Street, Belfast.

Example: Over Europe

Bullet: Understanding—Or Nothing Standing.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

H. PARKIN, 3, Blenheim Parade, Evesham Road,

Cheltenham.

Example: No Happier

Bullet: Sighing. So I Sing.

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: A SPARKS, 16, Lavitts Quay, Cork.

Up Adversity's Hill—Gaining Inches, Regain-

ing Feet.

£15: Mrs. E. HAYNES, "Garthmyl," Peak

House Road, Great Barr, near Birmingham.

Up Adversity's Hill—"Friends," Too, "Blow

Cold."

£10: J. W. BUCKLE, 231, North Road, Dar-

lington, Durham.

Baby's Smile—Should Make Geneva Grim.

5 OF £5 EACH:

Mrs. F. M. BULLOCK, Greensplat, Carthew,

St. Austell, Cornwall.

Hunger—Dangerous "Driver"—Victims

Charged.

L. GITTLEMAN 8, Brunswick Place, Leeds.

Criminal—Slums—Destroy "All Traces."

W. J. KINDELL, 116 Woodfield Road, Leigh-on-

Sea, Essex.

Up Adversity's Hill—Worrying—My "Top's"

Visible.

R. G. MERRITT, 49, Landguard Road, South-

ampton.

Over Europe—"Pall"—Cast Recalls Past.

E. SANDERS, 1, Glenmount Road, Mytchett,

Surrey.

Golden Harvest—But Jerrybuilders'

"Autumn" Approaching.

G. M. ALBIN, 22, Shaa Road, London, W.

No Happier—For Shirkins—Happy Ever-

W. A. BARR'S School House, Brampton

Reading.

Golden Harvest—Sol Fathered—Sol Mothered

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

J. S. BLAKENEY, 66, Lake Drive, Hull.

When Dad Went Flying—Only Time "Coke"

screw? Unpopular.

A. S. DAVIDSON, Valley View, Dipon, New

castle-on-Tyne.

Diving Into His Pockets—Silly, As Aeroplanes

Looped!

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

G. D. HARGREAVES, 188, Chappell Road, New

port, Mon.

Tyranny—Crushes Opposition—Into Solid

G. HAROLD, 88, North Road, Cusacks, Mon.

Hunger—"Power"—Behind Many "Falls"

Mrs. REDFORD, 32, Warden Street, Reading.

Hidden Hand—Passing Water—Dope, The

G. W. SCRAGG, 27, Edenfield Road, Watlington,

Liverpool.

Slum Kiddie—Underfed, Underdressed, Under-

hand? Understandable!

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

H. UNDERHILL, 412, Loose Road, Macclesfield,

Kent.

Slum Kiddie—Life's "Fruit"—Stolen From

F. WOOD, N.E.S. Power Station, Backwell,

Northumberland.

Too Big For His Boots—Until Boss "Elected"

Another.

A list of 10 £3, 20 £2 10s. and 500 10s.

winners can be seen at the offices of "John

Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

RECORD
AND FINAL
OFFER

8

"Bullets" 2-in-1 First INCREASED AGAIN
£700
AND
MILLIONAIRE'S
WEEK-END FOR TWO

£150 and **MILLIONAIRE'S**
WEEK-END FOR TWO
£100 and **MILLIONAIRE'S**
WEEK-END FOR TWO
£50 and **MILLIONAIRE'S**
WEEK-END FOR TWO

BULLETS' WEEK-END MILLIONAIRES WANTED

This Week Only!



Your
MILLIONAIRE'S
WEEK-END FOR TWO

To celebrate "Bullets" No. 1,000, winner and chosen companion will travel First Class to London to enjoy a glorious week-end of thrills and entertainment, including tour of London, theatre, celebration dinner with other Millionaire Week-enders and Competition Editor, also visit to Long Acre. All at "John Bull's" expense, including luxurious car and hotel accommodation.

STILL BIGGER ONE-WEEK OFFER PRECEDES 1,000th CONTEST!

THE biggest event in Competition history, the launching of *Bullets* No. 1,000, is close at hand. To-day, in Contest No. 999, JOHN BULL seeks eight more "Week-end Millionaires" to celebrate the great occasion with a memorable stay in London.

Big increases in prize-money have been arranged for this last offer of Millionaire Week-ends. The First is up to £700, other prizes of £150, £100 and £50 support it—and with each of these fine cheques goes JOHN BULL's thrilling invitation to sample his hospitality in London for a week-end of thrills and entertainment to mark the occasion of *Bullets* No. 1,000.

Why wait to start making up *Bullets* until the Mammoth Contest is launched next week? Here are over 11,000 prizes waiting to be won, headed by a First which will provide you with all you need for years to come.

HOW TO WIN

AS you read through the *Examples*, jot down all the rough ideas which strike you in connection with any of them, for any one may prove the basis of a First Prize *Bullet*.

Start then to compress each of these ideas into TWO, THREE or FOUR words. Aim at clear expression, neatness of phrasing and apt link with the *Example*. Suppose, for instance, you had written beside the *Example* MONEY TO BURN, the rough comment *But Often Lacking in Health*. With a little thought you could link this neatly with the *Example* to make the finished *Bullet*, MONEY TO BURN—BUT LIFE'S "LIGHT" FLICKERING.

Before beginning your own efforts, however, study the good points of the winning efforts on the previous page. Then go ahead on your own *Bullets*, remembering that your entry must reach Long Acre by Saturday, September 14.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

WICKED WORLD
TO CELEBRATE THE OCCASION
PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS
AS A YOUNGSTER
WITH A PINCH OF SALT
ITALY V. ABYSSINIA
IN HER WAR-PAINT
GRANDPA'S WONDERFUL, BUT
LAST TO LEAVE
GREAT ACHIEVEMENT
"WHAT, AGAIN?"
WORKED TO DEATH
TRAGIC SCENE
IDLE
OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN
UPSET THE SHOP-KEEPER
TURNED OVER
WHAT THE ANNOUNCER SAID
VANISHED
PROWLING ROUND
BITTER EXPERIENCE
NOW DAD'S A BOOKIE
SHEDS LIGHT
THE DIPLOMAT
DULL DOG
MONEY TO BURN
LIFELONG FRIEND
AUTUMN LEAVES
WIFE'S PHOTO
SHATTERED THE SILENCE
WHY HE DIDN'T LAUGH
SHOCK FOR THE REFEREE
SCARED
ONE THING'S CERTAIN
SINGLE-HANDED
BITS AND PIECES

10 OF £5
10 OF £2-10s
25 OF £1
2,000 RED SEAL 'TARGETS'
8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

AND FINAL

1,000 SURPRISE AWARDS
Two Useful Prizes in one

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(999) P.O. No. Signed
Closing SAT. Sept. 14. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. Address

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(999) P.O. No. Signed
Closing SAT. Sept. 14. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. Address

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(999) P.O. No. Signed
Closing SAT. Sept. 14. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. Address

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(999) P.O. No. Signed
Closing SAT. Sept. 14. I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. Address

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 999, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.O.2 (Comp.)

WHO WANTS 48 FREE PAGES
of help with
"Bullets" and
Crosswords?
USE THIS COUPON

ENCLOSE THIS COUPON
WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR "JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bulletin" and Crossword Gazette. I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME
ADDRESS

If not entering for Competition, post coupon direct to "Bulletin" Dept., 30, Bedford St., London, W.C.2

Affix
1½d. stamp
here

Affix
1½d. stamp
here

If you wish to use Advertiser's coupon on back, you can apply for your free issues of "Bullets" Bulletin on plain paper.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being business aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be submitted.
3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition shall be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.
The original cheque for £200 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 994 will be displayed in the window of Mr. J. Warburton, 3 Eddleston Street, Acorngrange.
NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques of £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 999 usually purchase "John Bull."

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "A Co."

21,001 PRIZES VALUE OVER £5,000 AND UNLIMITED GIFTS NEXT WEEK FOR "BULLETS" No. 1,000!

Do You Dread STAIR CLIMBING? Elasto will Lighten your Step!

How the Leg-Weary Are Being Made Nimble and Active by this Wonderful New Biological Remedy.

LEG pains soon vanish when Elasto is taken. Varicose veins are forgotten and soon become normal, old wounds become clean and healthy and commence to heal, rheumatism simply fades away, and the whole system is braced and strengthened. This is not magic, although the relief does seem magical; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto.

What Users of Elasto Say—

- "No sign of varicose veins now."
- "Rheumatoid arthritis gone; I have never felt better."
- "All signs of phlebitis gone."
- "I had suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."
- "Completely healed my varicose ulcers."
- "Now free from piles."
- "Your free sample gave wonderful relief."
- "I feel 10 years younger."
- "As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort; no pain whatever."
- "Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."
- "My skin is as soft as velvet," etc.
- "The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg (Arterio-Sclerosis) are quite gone and my general health is much improved."
- "Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."
- "I was suffering from mitral disease and dare not exert myself in any way, but now, thanks to Elasto, my heart is quite sound again."

Take Elasto for:—

Varicose Veins, Varicose Ulcers, Eczema, Psoriasis, Phlebitis, Thrombosis, Anæmia, Bad Circulation, Muscular Weakness, Heart Troubles, Swollen Legs, Inflamed Wounds, Gout, Rheumatism, Neuritis, and all those troubles generally known as bad leg. Piles, Prolapsus, Varicocele, Hardened Arteries (Arterio-Sclerosis), Arthritis, Sciatica, Lumbago and all relaxed conditions, no matter where they occur.



Not
Magic,
But
Acts
Like
It!

There are no substitutes for Elasto.
Beware of Imitations!



"No Varicose Veins for me Now"

How grateful I am I gave Elasto a trial! My leg had been bad for years but now, thanks to your wonderful remedy, there is no sign of varicose veins and I feel ever so well in myself. My friends all say how young I seem. I nip about like a girl of 16, and yesterday I rode 30 miles on my cycle. I cannot speak too highly of Elasto, and to think the cost is so small. I don't think that any woman should be without Elasto, quite apart from leg troubles, and I shall keep a bottle by me.

Signed Mrs. A. WASSELL, 3, Cecil Street, Watford.

For All "John Bull" Readers

FREE

A Generous Sample of this
Wonder Remedy

Simply fill in the Coupon for a Free Sample and a Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it! and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.
(Dept. 15), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

ELASTO the COMMON-SENSE REMEDY
Whatever therapeutic theory may be fashionable at the moment, one indisputable fact will always remain and that is that a sound circulation and prophylactic blood form the basis of life and health. Elasto is based entirely on this common-sense physical fact.

This Wonderful
**NEW BLOOD
REMEDY**
WILL SAVE YOU
POUNDS!

Not a Drug, But a
Vital Cell-Food!

ELASTO is something new to curative science; it is based on the knowledge that muscular weakness, varicose veins, bad leg, rheumatism, hardened arteries, heart weakness—to name but a few of the many ailments associated with bad circulation—are deficiency diseases; that in all such conditions there is a lack of certain vital constituents of the blood.

Owing to this lack, the body is unable to build up the elastic tissue needed to maintain the vein and artery walls and the membranes in a healthy condition, and a state of flabbiness results.

Elasto restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with albumin to form elastic tissue and thus enables Nature to restore contractility to the relaxed and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries, and heart, and so to re-establish normal circulation; the real basis of sound health.

Elasto Cures Through The Blood!

Every sufferer should know of this wonderful new biological remedy which quickly brings ease and comfort and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming relaxed conditions, increasing vitality and bringing into full activity Nature's own laws of healing. Elasto is prepared in tiny tablets, which dissolve instantly on the tongue and are absorbed directly into the blood stream, thereby actually restoring the natural power of healing to the blood! It is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this Modern Scientific Remedy which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Not Magic—Just Logic

In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault, and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running, like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building; and for the removal of toxic and acid waste materials, and health must result. This is precisely what Elasto, the Wonderful Biological Remedy, is designed to do; it is actually what Elasto does, surely and effectively, by a method new to curative science. No drugs; no adhesive bandages: Elasto Cures Through the Blood!

JOHN BULL COUPON

for Trial Sample of Elasto ★

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., Ltd.

(Dept. 15), Cecil House,

Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto cures through the blood.

NAME

(Please Print in Capital Letters)

ADDRESS.....

"John Bull," 7/9/53.

Don't long for relief—get Elasto and be sure of it!